THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV No. 1764

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NOV. 11 1933

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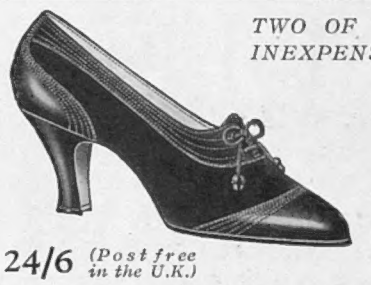

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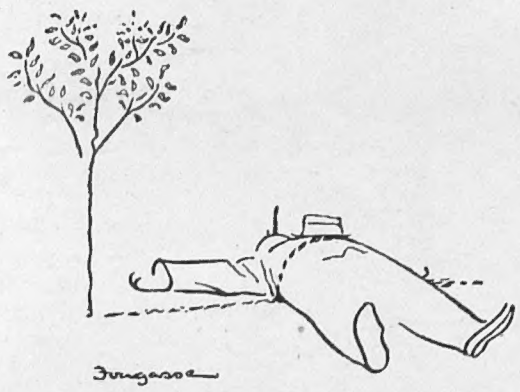

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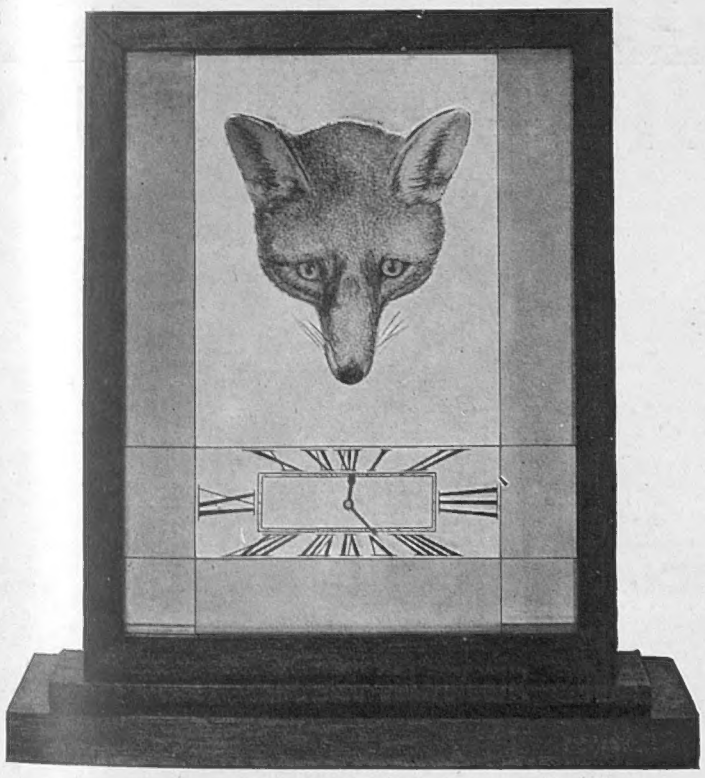

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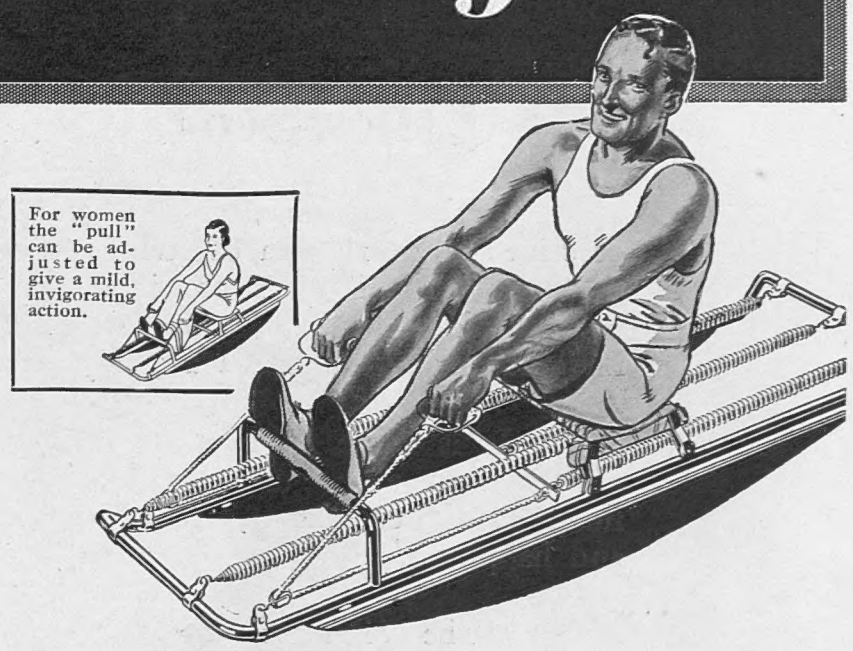

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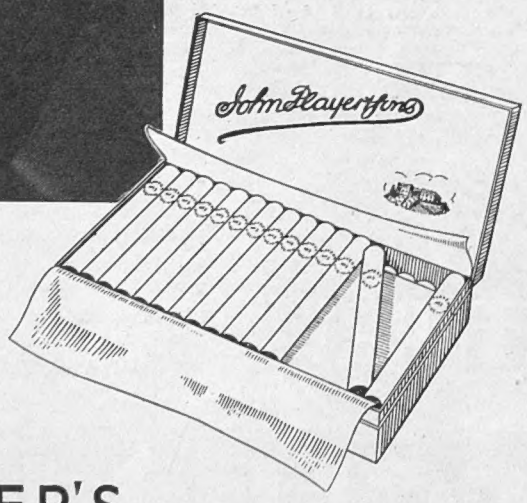

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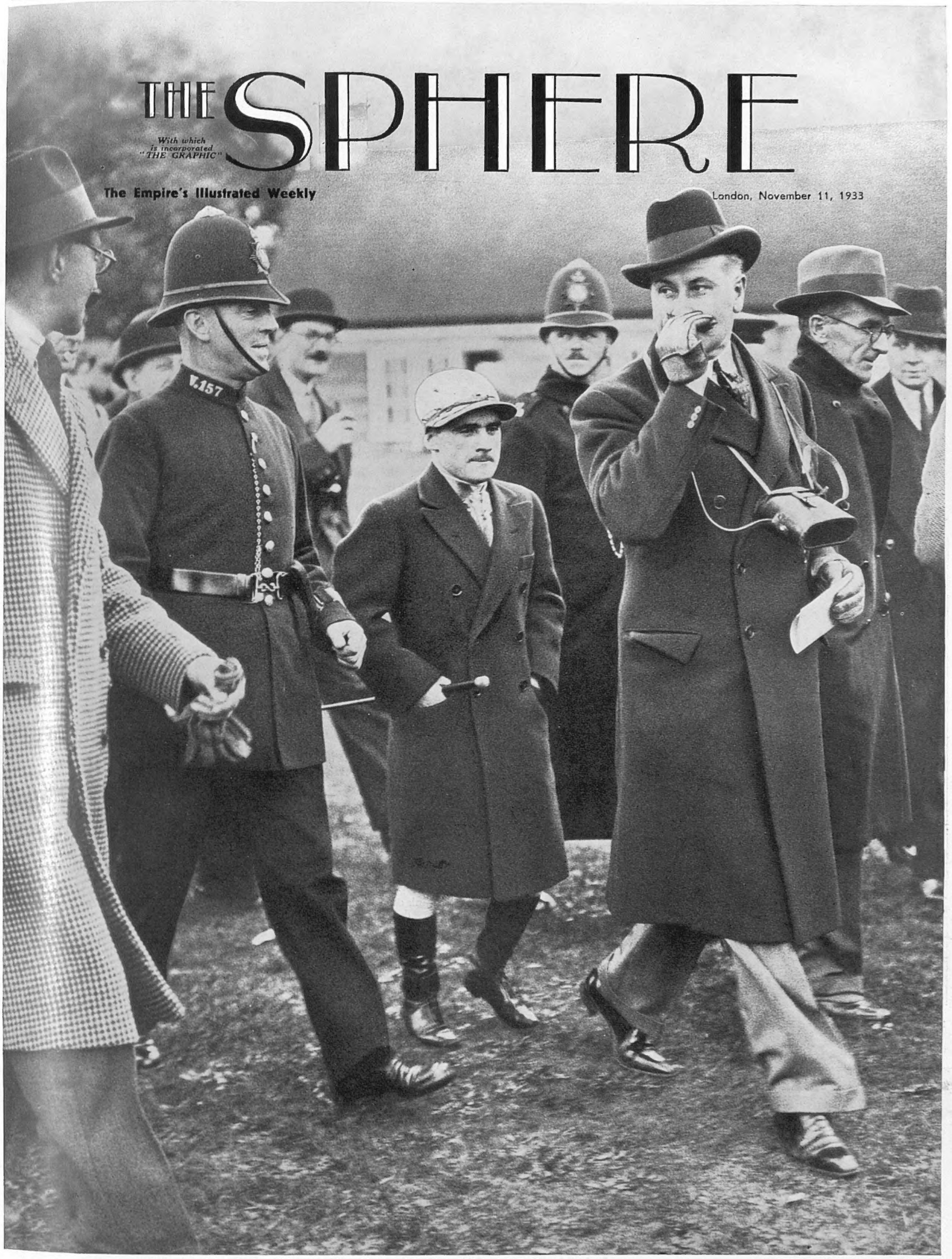
Volume CXXXV No. 1764

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 11, 1933



THE RECORD BREAKER

Gordon Richards Keeps his Admirers on Tenterhooks before Passing Archer's Long-Standing Record

Few figures in turf history have captured the public imagination to quite the same extent as Gordon Richards, the unassuming little jockey who on Wednesday of this week smashed Fred Archer's long-standing record number of winners in a season by scoring his 247th victory on the first day of Liverpool races. This year he has gone from strength to strength and, if possible, has shown even more strikingly his amazing ability to coax from his mounts their very best form. Richards during the latter part of the season has been constantly in the limelight, and has frequently had to be protected from the exuberance of his admirers. Success, however, has not turned his head and his genuinely modest attitude has won him the regard of all racegoers. A comparison of his skill with that of Archer would be quite out of place. The latter rode his races under extraordinary difficulties. He was constantly wasting to keep his weight down to the requisite level, he had no fast sports car in which to dash from meeting to meeting, he had far fewer mounts than the present champion, and yet out of the 8,084 races in which he took part he contrived to win a third of them. The above picture was taken last Saturday after Richards had drawn level with Archer's record by winning the second race at Hurst Park

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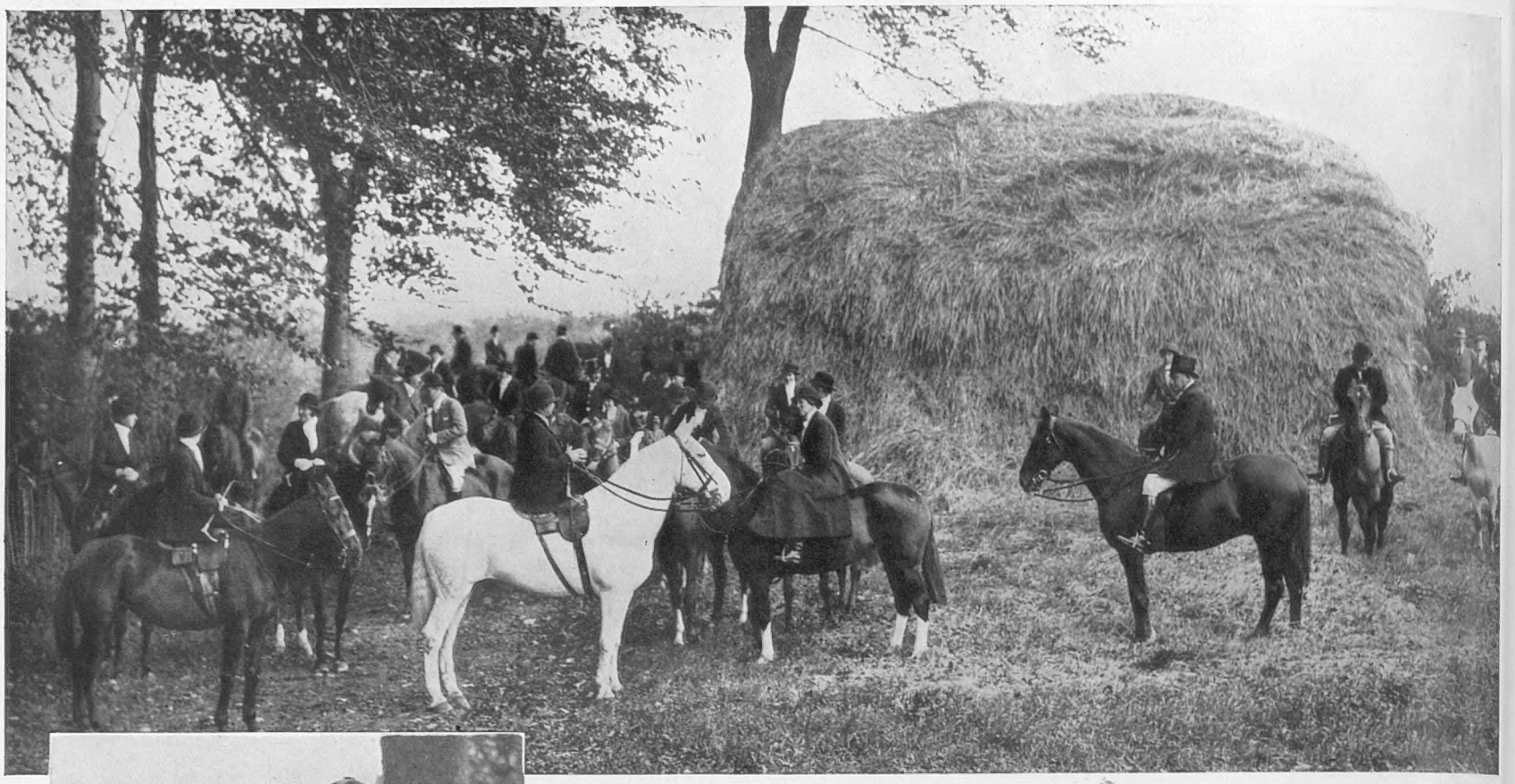

HUNTING COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN: The field waiting for the hounds to draw at the opening meet of the Hertfordshire (North Pack), at Houghton Hall, near Dunstable

LADY URSULA ABBEY and her daughter Julia at the opening meet of the Crawley and Horsham at Knep Castle

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday,
November 8, 1933.

PARLIAMENT AGAIN.— Parliament has reassembled. During the last few weeks—since the German withdrawal from the League — we have had the illusion that the ever-present problems of civilization were in a state of suspense and that the nations were getting back their breath between rounds. As a fact, an immense amount of deliberation and some decisive action have been accomplished in every country. The great American experiment drives on and the U.S. have no time to spare for the European tangle. Mr. Roosevelt has learned that price level cannot be raised by buying American-mined gold at a higher price in dollars. The next step—the foreign extension of the movement—was accordingly delayed. Our debt experts have been in America some time and December draws on. We have no real grounds for belief that any progress has been made. Two months ago we would have sworn that England had paid the last shilling. To-day we are invited to hope that, if we successfully co-operate in the American experiment, we may secure a rebate on the huge sum punctually to fall due to all eternity. France has been Cabinet making and has had less time than usual to spare for the European sphere while her budget remains unsettled. Germany has had other things to think of besides Mr. Panter, and the latest developments in Austria and Hungary have afforded Dr. Dollfuss and Admiral Horthy plenty to worry about. Italy, too, has been engaged in national celebrations and glorifications. Hence the illusion that international questions were dormant or quiescent. But, first and last, the first problem before every nation remains—Disarmament and the future of the Conference and the League. It is the first question for debate in our own reassembled Parliament; and small wonder, since the National Government was taken completely by surprise at the strong public opinion manifested in East Fulham, and the word tardily went forth to Ministers that every effort must be made to kill the damnable doctrine that the Government is not wholeheartedly on the side of peace and disarmament.

TAILS SHOULD BE CURVED THIS SEASON: A young visitor to the opening meet of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt who had her own ideas regarding the correct angle at which a foxhound should carry his tail

IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.— The recent set-back to the League and to Disarmament had its quite inevitable result—a growing feeling expressed in various ways and by different classes that since the War the politicians have made a disastrous failure in diplomacy. Mr. Eden at the week-end, put up to defend the Government, was aware that he would have to meet and counteract a deep-seated, if ill-founded, public opinion. East Fulham gave a clear manifestation of this feeling in the breasts of the young and of the Socialist Party. Voicing the opinion of war veterans, more than one general last week at gatherings of various kinds trenchantly expressed the same view. Here in this country, among all classes, the utter failure of our post-War governments in foreign affairs was more and more remarked on. People said it is long since we had an even moderately successful Foreign Secretary, and when our Premiers have taken matters into their own hands results have not repaid their intense labours or even justified their travelling expenses. Mr. Eden himself is credited with the best work done for British diplomacy in the past decade. There was indeed a bitter paradox to be pointed in the post-War labours of our governments. For, while domestic affairs cried out to be put right, Ministers devoted the larger proportion of their time to the international field. And what has been the result? Our domestic affairs have pulled themselves round far better than could have been expected, while the international situation remains in the chaos to which it was reduced by the War. It is small wonder if common people condemned the failure of politicians in foreign affairs and turned thumbs down on those sorry gladiators. But when Mr. Eden had finished his defence of his Government, he left the impression that England has been solely responsible for each of the four cardinal stages towards international peace gained since the Versailles Treaty.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.—So it was to be expected that, in the great Italian anniversary celebrations, Mussolini should have declared amid thunders of applause that Italy must henceforth lead the world in spirit. The world, utterly lost and leaderless, is, despite Mr. Eden's special pleading, perfectly ready to be led by any proved diplomat. Mussolini's reputation as such stands higher than any other European statesman's. Here in England we have none, in France we see none, in Germany Hitler is concerned only with Germany, or rather his own aspect of a Nazi State. America has washed her hands of Europe once more, or *pro tem.* If Mussolini henceforward takes the reins, there is none to dispute his right to the box seat, and if he succeed in driving the awkward team he can be assured of encouragement and full acclamation as the first whip in civilization. In England we are willing to accord to our National Government all and far more than its deserts for the improvement of our internal condition. But we find it impossible now to say

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much of its success in the foreign field. It was our way in the great days of English history to suggest, to guide, and to lead in the deliberations of Europe, but that genius is no longer ours. Faint, yet pursuing, we have panted since the War among the Gadarene herd.

MR. PANTER.—Mr. Panter was not to make history after all. He is not to be a Jenkins. The Public Prosecutor of Leipsig had his instructions and Mr. Panter in effect was informed "that he leaves the Court without a stain on his character and he'd jolly well better not do it again." That was the muddled and ungracious way in which the Tory justice dismissed the poacher against whom no sufficient evidence could be found, and that I fancy is the best Mr. Panter's friends could hope for in the truculent spirit of modern Germany. For everywhere there are signs that Hitler is being wagged by his tail. His "minor chiefs" interpret his studied and carefully political truculence in their own rash and unstudied ways and then faces have to be saved; first, the face of Germany, which has no desire to be regarded in Europe as beyond the pale of civilization; next, the face of Hitler, which faces two ways or more (towards Europe, towards Germany, and towards his embarrassing followers); and lastly, the faces of those of his followers who exceed their instructions and, having done so, must at all costs retain their dignity by means of an unmannerly surrender. In Mr. Panter's case, Germany, Hitler, and his underlings have eaten their words with deplorable table manners.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM???—Is it indeed true (as an inspired political correspondent has suggested) that reform of the Second Chamber is at long last to become a pressing item in the Government's programme for this Parliament? Is it possible that Sir Stafford Cripps' "plan for quick-time revolution" has brought in the stragglers, and that all concerned now realize the vital need for strengthening and making real the barrier against insane legislation? Myself, I cannot credit it. Reform of the Second Chamber implies sharp dissension in the ranks of a national administration and the ministers cannot face that. It means the extermination of two-thirds of the hereditary, dust-laden junk which congests the old lumber-room and the backwoodsmen would resist that. A score of schemes have been formulated. Not one has been seriously considered. The subject has never yet been approached by any Ministry as a reality or in any other way than as a pleasant topic for theorizing. But if so be that "our political correspondent" is truly inspired, let me recall attention to a little grey-green pamphlet published in 1932, *House of Lords or Senate?* by two members of the present Government, Col. Headlam and Mr. Duff Cooper; it contains in it the only seeds, which I have handled, from which any satisfactory results might grow. Rich and Cowan, of Maiden Lane, published it.

TOO OLD AT THIRTY-FIVE.—The King's intention to offer annually a gold and a silver medal for a book of English verse by a British citizen will give a stimulus to our poets, and restore to the profession of poetry some of the importance which (as I remarked only the other day) it has lost since the last golden age for poets. It is a matter of regret to me that I am far too old to compete, because I feel the judging committee would see eye to eye with me in the matter of what is, and what is not, poetry. The committee, I fear, will not appeal to the younger school, nor encourage a certain type of poetry which literary monthlies find space for, which depends for its appeal on staccato frightfulness and stark reality which apparently is, essentially, ugliness. The scornful young poet of frightfulness will snort and make no submission to the committee. But we stupid old fogeys rejoice that Royal encouragement is once more accorded to poetry as when the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria suggested noble themes to the embarrassed Tennyson. For poetry, as Tennyson's grandson has shrewdly said, has in our day gone from "verse to worse"; and now perhaps it will become again a politer accomplishment. I think in the last decades we have all forgotten (and been suffered to forget) what a mighty influence in times past poetry has exercised in our social, yes, and political, history.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: The Queen and Princess Helena Victoria in their box at the London Hippodrome during a special performance given last week in aid of "The Friends of the Poor"

DUKE OF PORTLAND'S GAME BOOK.—A record of animals killed can be as dreary as a room furnished with stuffed bodies and heads and skins, victims of some mighty hunter. The Duke of Portland's sporting reminiscences are not at all dull. He has a vivid sense of the past and paints an interesting picture of life (not so long ago) when Langwell and Caithness lay at the back of beyond, and those who would shoot and stalk in that paradise drove in coach or brake day after day northward. Jack Anstruther Thompson (famous for the "Waterloo run" and the Fife Light Horse) drove the first band of pioneers there from the Lowlands and the party included men still young, as age goes, like Lord Harlech. A reviewer has suggested that the Duke and Lord Desborough must have accounted for more stags than any other living sportsmen. I would submit that Col. "Squeezer" Combe of Strathconan would beat them both. It was, by the way, the Duke of Portland who a few years ago raised a stone to commemorate the slaying at Loth in Sutherland of the last British wolf—by the hunter Polson in 1700 or thereabouts. This autumn I saw the wolf den which harboured that last wolf and its litter of eight cubs which Polson exterminated. It is now a haunt of hill-foxes, and a famous, rocky tunnel it is. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his *Memories of the Months*, has told with picturesque details the tale of Polson's great killing, and I will not spoil his classic by re-hashing it. It only remains to say that the local legend of the death of the last wolf is not so Homeric. They say in those parts that an old wife saw it skulking past her cottage and threw a frying pan at its head and so killed it. But I prefer Sir Herbert Maxwell's version.

AT LAST.—Public opinion is to be deferred to after all, and in the metropolitan area the police have received instructions to keep a more vigilant watch on the would-be murderers at the wheel of motor vehicles. No longer are they to view with an indulgent smile those who ignore signals, who treble-bank, who cut in with such supreme and dizzy dexterity, and generally assume that the road and the earth were made for them and them only. Henceforward the police who have regarded their chief function the detection and apprehension of thieves are invited to turn their attention to the prevention of the lesser crime of homicide.

THE OLD STAGER

THEIR MAJESTIES' CHOICE: British bulbs being planted by gardeners of the Office of Works in the flower beds in front of Buckingham Palace. The King and Queen selected red tulips of the Bartigon variety

A TOUCH OF THE ORIENT: Sham Sher Singh, the turbanned member of the Corpus Christi eight, practising with fellow members of the crew for Cambridge's Head of the River race

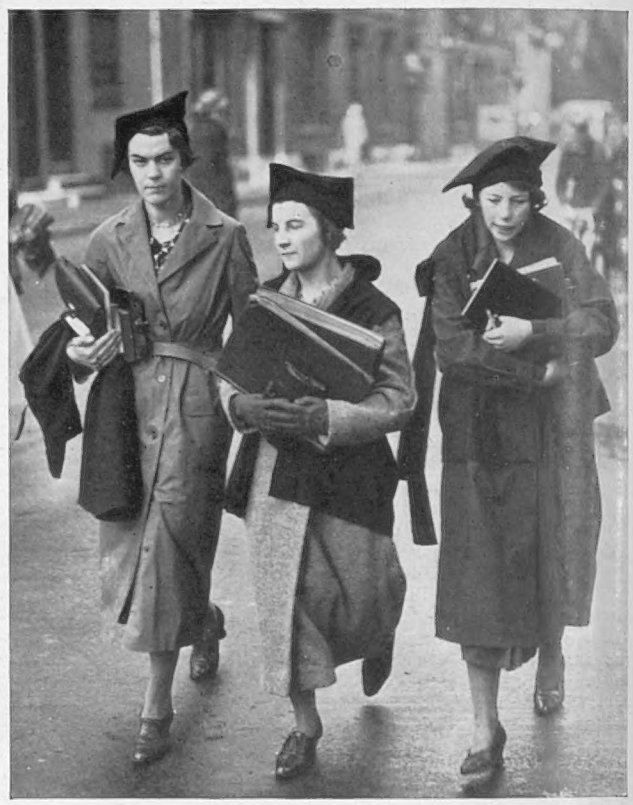
FROM ALL QUARTERS

JEWISH HOLDERS OF THE V.C. taking part in last Sunday's remembrance service at the Horse Guards Parade, conducted by the Chief Rabbi (left) and the Senior Jewish Chaplain to the Forces. Major Cohen in foreground

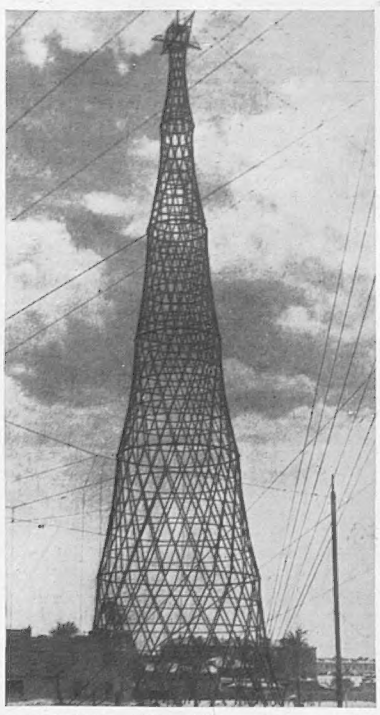
AT THE NATIONAL LABOUR COMMITTEE'S LUNCHEON to the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, and Sir John Simon. An intimate picture of Mr. J. H. Thomas (right) and Sir Samuel Hoare in earnest conversation round Lord Derby. Mr. Walter Runciman is on the extreme left. The three leaders each indicated that there would be no General Election for some time

THE PRESIDENT COACHES ON HORSE-BACK: Mr. G. A. Ellison instructing the Oxford University Trial Eight ("A" crew) during practice on the Isis

A NINE DAYS' SENSATION: Mr. Noel Panter, the Munich correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," who was imprisoned for his report of a Nazi parade, being interviewed by fellow members of the Press



WEIGHED DOWN WITH KNOWLEDGE: Oxford undergraduettes walking to one of their morning lectures



MOSCOW'S WIRELESS NET: A view of one of the powerful broadcasting stations employed by the Soviet Government to spread discontent among the Arabs who are defying the British Administration in Palestine

THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN SOUTHAMPTON: The civic procession from the municipal building prior to Lord Sankey's opening of the new Law Courts last week

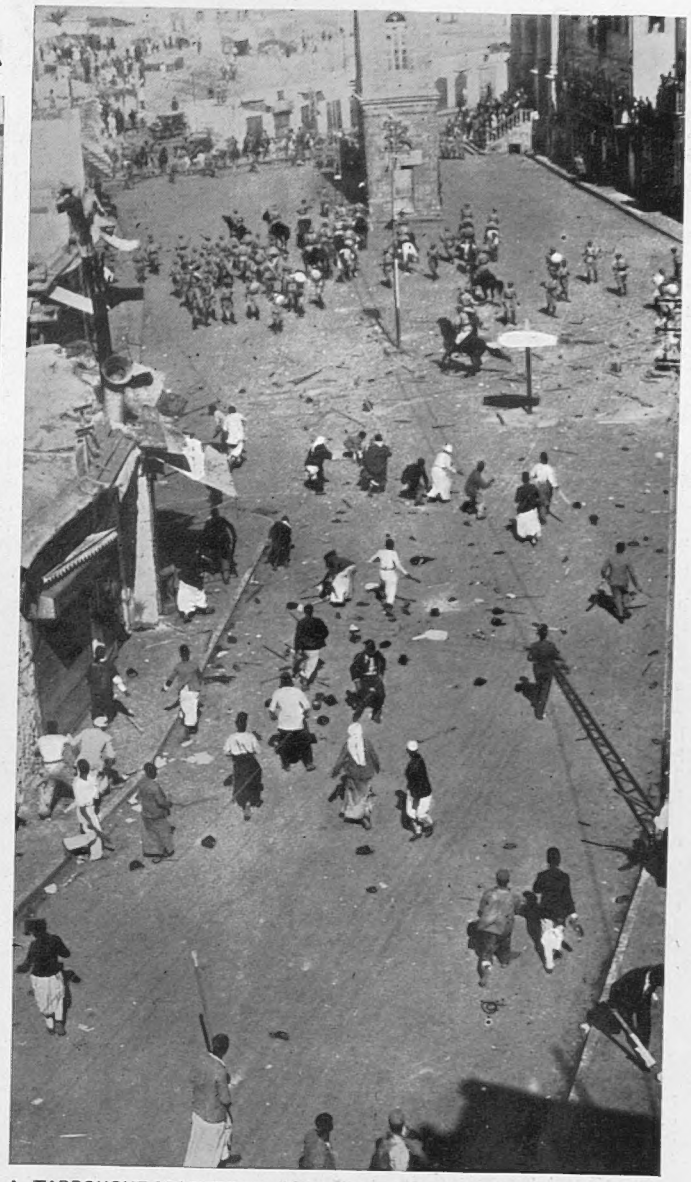
SOCIETY STARS: Lady Bridgett Poulett, Miss Pamela McDougall, and Miss Jacqueline Castellani in the eighteenth-century Venetian mime play which was successfully presented this week at the Venetian ball at Grosvenor House in aid of charity

THE ARAB RIOTS IN JAFFA

TROUBLE BREWING: This picture was taken on October 27 when the Arabs, who had assembled in great numbers for prayer in the mosques, had begun to pour into the streets of Jaffa and, according to a prearranged plan, were about to break through the cordons of police in the city square. The riots were a direct result of Arab antagonism towards the enormous Jewish influx which has lately been taking place in Palestine

POLICE CHARGING THE MENACING JAFFA CROWD in a determined attempt to prevent their occupying the main square. In the clashes which followed, ten Arabs and a native policeman were killed and forty Arabs and fourteen policemen seriously injured

DISPERSING THE MOB: Mounted police and men of the Transjordan Frontier Force clearing the main square of Jaffa a few minutes after the attack. They were in constant danger from flying missiles. The three pictures immediately above were taken in rapid succession and clearly show the various stages of the Arab attack and the police counter-attack



A TARBOUCHE-SPATTERED HIGHWAY: Arab demonstrators carrying stones, bottles, and other missiles following a detachment of steel-helmeted police. A short while before, this part of the town had been the scene of a determined clash

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE: Searching an Arab for concealed weapons on the morning following the Jaffa riots. According to a recent report it is thought unlikely that the trouble will spread throughout Palestine, as it is in Jaffa that the predominance of the Jews is most noticeable. In the modern suburb of Tel Aviv they are now said to number 60,000, and in spite of repeated Arab protests this figure appears to be growing. From all accounts the military forces at the disposal of the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope, are sufficient to deal with any situation which may arise

WHAT IS YOUNG TURKEY THINKING?

A Question that comes up for Consideration after Ten Years of Hectic Changes in the New Republic

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

TURKEY'S MAN OF IRON: A recent portrait of Mustapha Kemal

With the spectacular achievements of Ghazi Mustapha Kemal of Turkey, where the tenth anniversary of the Republic has just been celebrated, the general public is familiar. Both internally and externally the soldier-statesman has brought about such reforms as to astonish not only the Turks themselves, but also their neighbours and the world as well. In the history of post-War dictatorships, with or without democratic façade, none is surer of a place than that of Mustapha Kemal.

But the Ghazi, dazzling as his performance has been, would be the last to claim for himself, or even for his immediate companions, all the credit. For the process of reform in Turkey began far back in the nineteenth century, when liberal ideas were percolating into, rather than permeating, Turkish life. What Mustapha Kemal has done is to whip up his nation into such activity as to accomplish in ten years what was, indeed, inevitable, but might have taken another century to achieve.

Not all Turks, however, are familiar with their recent history, and the rush of changes during the last decade has, naturally enough, made some of them a little *déracinés*. They are happy, but puzzled. With Islam no longer the State religion, with the emancipation of women, with the introduction of European laws and codes of justice, and so on, there has been an effect of mental disturbance. Such disturbance might cause confusion were it not for the sheet-anchor of national faith in the Ghazi and sublime confidence in the future of the Turkish people.

What are the young Turks thinking? That is, perhaps, the most interesting of all questions affecting not only Turkey, but also that vast section of the Muslim world—in such countries as Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and so on—which takes Turkey as the exemplar of progress.

These young Turks, uncritical though they be of their great leader, are not his blind followers. They are, crudely and empirically enough, developing a definite ideology which, however, though it may be stated dogmatically in this article, still lacks precision, and may conceivably undergo further changes.

IN SPITE OF THE GHAZI'S WESTERNIZING INFLUENCE some of the young women of Turkey still wear the veil. The majority, however, prefer more modern attire

First, there is the question of religion. Now in the last ten years the idea has hardened in Turkey that civilization has nothing whatever to do with religion. The youth of Turkey asserts that Islam was a clog on the progress of the Turkish nation; it even thinks that Western civilization, which it now strives to imitate, was fashioned in spite of Christianity. It distinguishes sharply, in fact, between Christian civilization and Western civilization, and never tires of asserting that Japan was a country that achieved the level of the West without borrowing the Christian religion. Its attitude on the matter of State religion approximates, in short, to that of the reformers of the French Revolution of 1789.

Religion, then, has been relegated to the realm of individual conscience. (I speak, of course, only of the educated, advanced Turkish youth of the towns; but they, after all, set the pace for their rustic brothers.) But what do the young Turks believe? Generalization here is difficult, and might in this matter be as misleading as it would in other countries. Yet this may be said. There is a considerable section of Turkish youth which believes neither in God, nor in the Prophet Muhammad, nor in the Koran, nor in a future life. Those who still believe in a deity often reject the Mollah's interpretation of Allah, and in particular regard Muhammad as just a great man for his own era. Agnosticism and atheism have won the day. The Turkish creed is now materialistic; national honour and national efficiency are set above all.

This attitude was well represented by a comic Turkish paper a few years ago. A modern Khoja was supposed to be preaching in a mosque. He said:—

"My brethren,—Our worship is simple. You all know already how to worship Allah. Therefore I shall not speak to you about that now. I shall speak about this world rather than the next, because we ought to know this world well in order to be able to live in it. This world is the world of money, power, and civilization. If a nation has not got these three things, it cannot live in this world. Go and secure these things first, and then offer your prayers to Allah."

Gone, then, is the attempt of an earlier generation of Muslim reformers to make Islam conform to the needs of the present age. Such a compromise has been spurned by the Turks. That is the real point of religious reform in Turkey: intermediate stages have been overleapt, and the young Turks now stand on the bank opposite to religion.

Science and power, these are what the young Turks worship, and hence their modern heroes include such men as their own Ghazi, Lenin, Mussolini, Edison, and Marconi. In its ethical and social life, the youth of Turkey has sought to incorporate wholesale the ideas of the enlightened West. In the first place, it has elevated the conception of the nation, or the State, to a degree exceeded nowhere in the world. This nationalism in Turkey is burning and exclusive. Although the Turkish peasant is by no means Xenophobe — he always has been and still remains one of the most hospitable and sincere fellows in the East — the Turkish authorities, with the zealous support of the Turkish youth, are ousting the non-Turk from most of the manifold activities which he carried on in pre-Kemalist days. The reaction is natural enough. In former times there was a tendency on the foreigner's part towards the spoliation of Turkey.

Secondly, modern Turkey believes in education as a panacea for many former ills. There is no need here to recapitulate the reforms which have been effected in education, how all schools have been reorganized on Western lines, how Turkey has banished all non-Turkish words from its vocabulary, how Latin characters have supplanted the old Arabic script, and so forth. It is not too much to say that the whole Turkish nation is now at school.

And the purpose of all this education? Knowledge, scientific knowledge. In the West there is, behind the different nations' educational systems, the idea of a moral purpose. This, apparently, is yet lacking in Turkey, which takes almost as a creed the dictum that civilization is but science applied to life.

It may be incidentally remarked how easily Turkey, with such an ideology, maintains cordial relations with Bolshevik Russia.

And thirdly, Turkey has completely changed the position of women in society. The emancipation of women is not yet finished, but it has proceeded very far, at any rate, in the larger towns. In the country, even the Ghazi had to renounce his plan of making the women go unveiled—for women are always either more conservative or more radical than men.

To-day the Turkish woman, who dresses as she pleases (that is, as Paris decrees), has practically all the rights of the Turkish man except that of a vote for Parliament. Alike in work and in play she competes on equal terms with him. In this particular reform Turkey has far outstripped all other Muslim lands, and the change may be viewed by future historians as the profoundest of all achieved by the present generation of Turks. Turkish women, who won a local fame during the struggle for independence against the Greeks in the post-War years even greater than that won by English munition-makers during the Great War, have thrown themselves into the new life with amazing gusto and success. Their success is especially notable in the sphere of sport.

This national passion for sport is worth a paragraph. As in Germany or Italy, physical fitness is now an ideal with young Turks. Formerly the Turkish woman was often enough fat and flabby—her men liked her so; now she is slender and strong.

Finally, a word on freedom of thought and expression in modern Turkey. It does not exist. But at least this may be said: that there is no desire on the part of the majority that it should so exist. Turks look upon Turkish critics of their regime as traitors, and there has been instituted a school of Kemalist orators who shall go to any given spot where disaffection may be manifested to point out the blessings of the Kemalist regime and the misdemeanours of those who decry it. The necessity of contradicting statements either false or designed to belittle the greatness of the Angora authorities is inculcated in every Turkish citizen.

Nevertheless, there are signs—they cannot be called more at present—of a new freedom in Turkey. Although unnoticed, and certainly not the most picturesque feature of the recent anniversary celebrations of the Republic, the most interesting feature was a Bill passed by the Angora Assembly amnestying all former prisoners except criminals and those associated with the House of Othman. Among those who thus received pardon were some of the most intellectual Turks, who, though staunch Nationalists, fell foul of the Ghazi. Most of these people have been living abroad for the last few years. Their return to their homeland would convince the West, as vividly, perhaps, as anything else, that the Turkish Revolution has justified itself, that the Kemalist regime is confident of its future, and that the whole edifice may not crumble with the end of the personal ascendancy of Mustapha Kemal.

(Left) MADAME SALAHEDDIN: Angora's most beautiful Society hostess

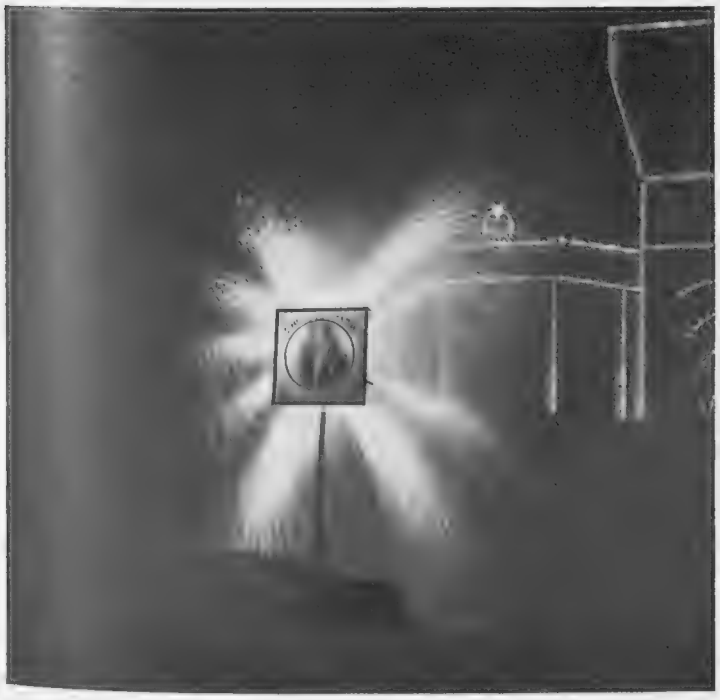
AGE LOOKS ON as the youth of modern Turkey emulates the manners, customs, and dress of the Occident

THE RAGE OF GENERAL GÖRING—820 COUPLES IN A ROMAN MASS MARRIAGE | THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW TURKEY—A DECLARATION FROM A NOTORIOUS GANGSTER

SOME DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL: General Göring, Premier of Prussia and Reich Air Minister, who is seen on the left leaving the Supreme Court and, in the centre, giving evidence, figured in an amazing incident on November 5 when he appeared as a witness in the trial of Van der Lubbe, Torgler, Dimitroff, and their two associates who are accused of setting fire to the Reichstag. In response to some searching questions from Dimitroff, the General became loud and threatening in his replies and finally yelled above the pandemonium in court: "I know that you behave yourself brazenly. You come here, fire the Reichstag, and then behave with this impudence in face of the German people. Your place is the gallows." Dimitroff, uncowed as ever, was immediately hustled from the court. *Right*—Frau Torgler, wife of the accused Communist leader, giving evidence before the Supreme Court

MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS PONCET, the French Ambassador (left), standing with members of the French colony in Berlin during the service in the Hasenheide cemetery in honour of the French soldiers of the Great War who lie buried there

THE "LOW-DOWN": "Spike" O'Donnell (left), a notorious American gangster, telling Senator Copeland, Chairman of the Senate Committee investigating crime and racketeering, that "on the level he never killed a guy in his life." Spike's attorney (centre) listens with evident interest



HONOURING THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY: The head of Ghazi Mustapha Kemal illuminated by fireworks during the three days' celebrations at Angora in honour of the tenth anniversary of the Turkish Republic. The Ghazi, in an address at the beginning of the festivities, made a particular point of the friendly attitude of Turkey towards the world

THE FASCIST FESTIVAL OF MARRIAGE: Some of the 820 couples who attended the mass wedding celebrations held in Rome last week under the auspices of the Fascist party. Each received an envelope containing a photograph and a monetary gift from Signor Mussolini. The moral significance of the event was pointed out in the Italian Press which urged the nation to show its unity by its high birth-rate

FACING TITHE CHARGES: Some of the thirty-six defendants who appeared last week before Mr. Justice Horridge at Essex Assizes, Chelmsford, to answer a joint indictment charging them with "unlawfully assembling together" at Gestingthorpe, Essex, on May 22 of this year. The case arose out of a dispute in East Anglia which followed a sale under a distraint order at Delvyn's farm. Seven defendants were found guilty and bound over for two years

LADY EVELYN BALFOUR, who has taken an active interest in the tithe movement, and who was one of the accused at Essex Assizes

MRS. MARGERY GARDINER, on whose farm at Gestingthorpe the incidents took place which led up to charges being brought against thirty-six persons for "unlawful assembly"

THE OLD TITHE BARN AT WHITTINGTON COURT, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Many of these picturesque buildings were constructed in much the same style and with almost the solidity of their neighbouring churches. The barns were formerly used for storing the tithes which were paid in kind

AT SOUTHAM PRIORY: Another famous Gloucestershire tithe barn

AMONG THE RUINS OF A MONASTERY: The tithe barn at Abbotsbury, Dorset

THE TITHE WAR

Some Aspects of a Controversy that Demands Parliamentary Legislation: The Unfortunate Position of the Clergy

The farmers have been making a great fuss over the payment of tithes. They have banded together and refused to pay their tithes, and a certain section of the Press has published and encouraged their opinions. Until very recently one side of the case, the farmers', appeared in the public Press almost exclusively. The farmers have announced that they cannot, or will not, pay tithes. How seriously the recipient of these tithes is going to suffer they do not appear to care in the least. That the stipend of most country parsons consists largely of tithes, rising in some districts to as much as 100 per cent., is the other aspect of the case. One is brought to the belief that the whole system of tithes has become, at any rate in England, archaic, in the same way that the payment of tolls on the road had become out of date. The question is becoming so acute that Parliamentary legislation seems the only hope, and even there a settlement of the question will be extremely difficult.

In 1918 the War prices for corn were producing a large tithe. Its value promised to soar higher and higher, but in that year an Act was passed pegging its value for a period of seven years to a certain figure. This figure was fixed on an average of the corn prices for the preceding seven years. During the following seven years, although the tithe-owner was getting a premium, he would, if the Act had not been passed, have realized very much more, and in one year as much as £170 on the old sliding-scale basis. In fact, throughout the boom period the recipient of the tithe was the loser, while the landowner profited accordingly.

Later came the agricultural slump coupled with high wages and expenses, and the farmer unquestionably fell on hard times. There are many farmers to-day who are really finding it difficult to make any profit before deducting the tithe rent charge. Others could pay their tithe if they chose, but because friends of theirs are not paying they do not see why they should. Meanwhile the clergy suffer.

The total value of tithe rent charge in England is approximately £3,200,000, divided roughly between Queen Anne's Bounty £2,100,000, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners £276,000, the Welsh Commissioners £206,000, the balance being £591,000 lay tithes, which are held by Oxford and Cambridge colleges and various charities. Thus the greater part of the tithe is devoted to the support of the Established Church.

Queen Anne's Bounty has been figuring largely in the recent disputes, but its actual functions are very obscure in the minds of most people. Before the reign of Queen Anne the clergy were taxed, on a parallel with but separate from the tithes, and had to give what were called first fruits and tenths to the Crown. Queen Anne, bounteous lady, made a present of these first fruits and tenths back to the Church, and this was confirmed by Charter in 1703. Then there arose the Trustees of Queen Anne's Bounty to administer the funds for the clergy. The only relation that Queen Anne's Bounty actually has to tithes to-day is that the trustees now collect the tithes for the clergyman, who until 1925 owned and collected his own tithes. This old-fashioned personal method had led to considerable confusion, as in many cases a kindly old parson who happened to have private means often failed to collect his tithes if he thought a farmer was having a difficult time, with the result that it was sometimes lost to the benefice for ever.

But, although the tithe is collected by Queen Anne's Bounty personal feeling between the farmers and the clergy is not always amicable in the country just now, as the farmer grumbles that he has to pay a useless superfluous tax to the parson which he cannot afford, and the parson argues that he has practically nothing to live on except these tithes. The stipend of a country clergyman is not a high one, parsonage houses are often large and old-fashioned, children have to be educated, and the cost of living is high. His lot is not an easy one, and it becomes very nearly impossible if his income is substantially reduced. In one case an incumbent had served in a parish for sixteen years at a salary of £150. He was then offered a better living at £300, and with a growing family he moved joyfully to his new abode. He had not been there long when the farmers declared that they could not pay tithes, and he now finds himself considerably worse off than he was before.

By the Act of 1925 the ecclesiastical tithe is in process of being redeemed by means of payments of £4 10s. per annum in respect of every £100 of commuted tithe over a period of rather more than eighty years.

Tithes are due half-yearly, but court proceedings for their recovery are rarely instituted until the lapse of three half years. If they are not taken then, the tithe-owner forfeits some of his tithe as he is not allowed by law to claim more than two years. In the old days, on the rare occasions when matters went so far, distrained goods were sold by auction: but when the tithe war started the farmers organized themselves so as to prevent a fair sale, made ridiculous bids, and often broke up the sale altogether. Now there is hardly a district where an auctioneer would undertake the work, so the goods are put up to tender. Even so the farmers do everything they can to prevent distraint taking place. After the court order for recovery has been made the bailiff has to give ten days' notice, during which time the farmers frequently remove their stock.

The firms that tender for the goods buy them from the court bailiff, but then comes the difficulty of getting them away from the farm. An SOS goes quickly round the local farms, and all the farmers collect at the farm which is being distrained upon to prevent the removal of the goods. Distraining for tithe has become a very rough business. Such ill-feeling and defiance of the law are not a satisfactory state of affairs. In some cases it is genuinely almost impossible for the farmer to pay; in all cases it is hard on the clergy, for they have to live on the money. What the end of this tithe war will be cannot at present be foreseen, but the time has come when some action should be taken. The question is so complicated that Parliament will be loth to tackle it, especially as they have recently given genuine benefits to the farmers at the public expense.

M. I. Batten

ALL THAT REMAINS OF H.M.S. "DEFIANCE," man-o'-war and one-time pride of the British Navy. The workmen who are breaking her up at Plymouth have experienced considerable difficulty in dealing with her century-old beams which are almost as tough to-day as at the time of her building

HEARTS of OAK

Recall Nelsonian Glories

SKIPPERS IN THE MAKING: Cadets of H.M.S. *Worcester* parading before going ashore for games. The famous training ship, which is moored in the Thames off Greenhithe, was originally laid down at Portsmouth in 1833

THE END OF THE OLD "ARETHUSA": The battleship being broken up in Messrs. Castle's yards at Woolwich. During her sixty years as a training ship she was instrumental in preparing some 12,000 boys for careers at sea

A MILITARY REVIEW IN BANGKOK: The Siamese Army is noted for its efficiency

THE KING OF SIAM, who will be visiting Europe and America next year. He is unofficially reported to be in sympathy with the anti-Government revolt in Bangkok

A LETTER from BANGKOK

We have received the following letter from a Siamese resident in Bangkok, and reproduce it in his exact words. It has particular interest at the present moment, as during the past few weeks the northern suburbs of the city have been the storm centre of a rebellion. This began soon after the return from exile of Luang Pradit, the leader of the Radical party, who, earlier in the year, is said to have attempted to urge a Communist plan upon the country. Pradit was re-appointed a member of the Cabinet in September, at a time when the populace was in no mood to be trifled with, and was clearly dissatisfied with the existing Government whom it blamed for the decline in trade. The King, whom many believe to be in sympathy with the insurgents, was recently reported to have gone to Singora, many hundreds of miles from the scene of activity.

BANGKOK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1933.

TAN YING TJAA—

To day I will give you the latest Bangkok news, according to my promise:

Politically we are hanging in the air. We have peace, but you never can trust.

The Royal Family is disappointed. According to constitution all members of the Royal Family are "Above politics."

Many of the old princes have died, and large fortunes had to be divided. In January the King will go to America via Europe, where he will undergo an eye operation again.

World depression is very much felt in Siam. About 200 Englishmen left last year. Few Europeans are still in gouvernment service, and none of them know whether they will not have to leave to-morrow. "*Siam for the Siamese!*"

I hear that many German Jewish doctors are taking a great interest in Siam. Many others seem to think that Siam is the most prosperous country in the world.

The streets of Bangkok are nearly all asphalted. You see skyscrapers standing along the capital streets; but there is no road that leads out of Bangkok. We have got a bridge across the Menam now, but behind it the world ends for us again.

If you walk only 50 steps away from the capital streets, you still find real native life, only you will hardly get along with Siamese, because there are so many Chinese.

Siam is now trying to cheque the Chinese invasion, rather too late. Every Chinaman must pay 100 ticals for an entering permit.

Life is going on in great style in Bangkok. Europeans live in beautifull modern houses, and nearly all have very smart motor cars. In short, everything has changed, but all around it does not seem half as nice as it used to be. There are lots of establishments for amusement in Bangkok. Siamese girls are dancing in Cabarets, and throw their legs, sometimes in costumes that hardly show any difference from those in Hollywood.

Advertising of these establishments is sometimes very amusing: "do not miss your chance"! "The sweetest dancers will entertain you"! "Every night a change of Partners"!

Suriwongse road is the street for amusement, jazz and dancing. Those who do not take ladies along, will find them there.

Dining in Chinese restaurants is very popular, but it is not at all cheap, especially if you order sing-song girls for your entertainment.

In Rajavong road are several restaurants where they serve all kind of funny Chinese dishes. You drive there, remain sitting in your carriage, and a small table is placed in front of you, then they serve you all sorts of Chinese specialities. These restaurants are greatly patronised by Europeans.

You see there is no lack of entertainment.

In our sporting club we have a wonderfull swimming pool now. You can imagine you were at the Lido. The large waterbasin contains water that is as clear as crystal.

A look out of a window of our office shows the most fashionable and largest Cinema in the far east. Temperatur inside is so cool that Siamese ladies sometimes wear fur.—Good-bye now, Tan Ying Tjaa, Yours, N. N.

A COSMOPOLITAN STATION: The name-board on the platform at Padang Besar. The sign is written in English, Siamese, Chinese, Burmese, Malay, and Tamil

AN EASTERN SURVEY

A KEY POSITION ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: The bridge over the Panjkora River, near Timurghar camp, leading from India proper to the tribal territories of Swat and Bajour. The river, under the influence of heavy rains, recently became a raging torrent and severely damaged one end of the bridge. No other means of crossing the swollen stream being available, the punitive operations of our Expeditionary Force against the upper Mohmands were temporarily brought to a standstill. The Panjkora River ("five whips," "five tails," or "five lashes") flows through an open, fertile valley which was once thickly populated and which to this day is the only spot on the otherwise arid North-west Frontier with sufficient water to grow rice-crops. The population has been depleted by the oppression of its kings and by tribal feuds

SAPPER AND MINER OFFICERS viewing the damage to the Panjkora Bridge. These men, whose name in the Hindustani vernacular is commonly rendered as "Suffering Miners," are the Royal Engineers of the Indian Army

THE REVOLT IN SIAM: Government troops guarding one of the outlying suburbs of Bangkok in anticipation of an attack from the advancing insurgents. There is evidently a Press censorship in Siam, as since the beginning of the revolt little news has been allowed to leave the country. It appears, however, that the return to Bangkok of the exiled Radical leader, Luang Pradit, and his reinstatement in the National Cabinet, brought to a head public dissatisfaction with the Government's policy. A section of the military forces rebelled and on October 14 were reported to be holding a strong position to the north of the capital. As a result of the rising the King and Queen and their suite have moved south to Singora, but it is generally understood that the monarchy is in no way threatened

DURING THE ADVANCE ON BANGKOK the insurgent forces sent an empty locomotive down the line which, according to plan, collided with and smashed a Government railway wagon mounted with an armoured tank

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: Chinese children listening to the strains of a wedding band in Shanghai. Their large hats and picturesque dresses are invariably worn on ceremonial occasions

THE NEARLY SUCCESSFUL U-BOAT MENACE: A German submarine being transported to the coast in sections; a hitherto unpublished picture

IF GERMANY HAD WON . . .

Was the Treaty of Versailles a Harsh One Towards a Defeated Foe? Some Aspects of the Question Examined

BY EDWARD BRADDEN

In 1914, Germany, calling on her "Good old German God"—not Christ, but the pagan deity of her dire past—went out to conquer or be conquered. She was conquered.

That, stripped of all academic discussion of the international situation at the time, stripped of all sophistry and the subject of war guilt, stripped down to the naked truth—is the story of the Great War.

It was a war devilishly plotted and cunningly planned, organized with a ruthless skill, and launched with a shameless hypocrisy and waged, on Germany's part, with unflinching callousness.

The trouble is that this generation never learned all that. If they have ever heard of "Der Tag" they have forgotten what it meant. Yet "Der Tag"—"the Day" when the "shining sword" of Germany was to hack down the degenerate democracies of Europe — was as widely advertised before the War as are the utterances of Herr Hitler to-day.

Yes, we forget too easily. The younger generation stands aghast at Hitlerism and all that it implies—the ceaseless praise of war and slaughter, the training of children in the belief that not merely is war inevitable, but that it should be man's first preoccupation and practice. The poison gas contained in the text-books for German children is even deadlier than the poison gas which the Germans first introduced into war. It was in just the same spirit that Wilhelm II led his troops into the field in 1914, urging his men to emulate the exploits of the Huns of Attila, and to remember the rights of the "Blonde Beast."

Yes, we have forgotten all that. But Belgium hasn't, nor is she likely to forget. A new generation of "Blonde Beasts" lives next door. Yes, in 1914, Germany went out to re-establish the pagan rule which 1,000 years before had flared through Europe from the Baltic to Rome. In 1914 it was a question of paganism hurling itself on civilization. Civilization won, but only by the narrowest margin. But supposing that civilization had not won? Supposing that the barbarous regime of German Kultur once again ran from the Baltic to Rome, what would be our sufferings to-day? If you want to see what the world might be like, look at the map on this page.

There are some, no doubt, who will think that to suppose Germany could have won involves too many impossible calculations. Yet that possibility had once to be faced by the Governments of the Allies. Admiral Sims has revealed to us how the submarine menace had brought this country to within a given number of days of starvation. If starvation had overtaken this country nothing could have saved the world. The whole structure of the Allies would have collapsed like a pack of cards, and gallant-minded though that country was at the time, it is idle to suppose that America would have considered it her business to wage single-handed a war of liberation on behalf of the shattered peoples of Europe.

There are people who criticize the Treaty of Versailles. If Germany had won there would have been no treaty signed at Versailles—only a Europe ruled by decrees issued from Versailles.

If in 1918 England had been brought to her knees through starvation, the great break-through would have been not towards the Rhine but to Paris. Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff would have entered that city as complete victors, as Bismarck and Von Moltke had done before them. Later Wilhelm II would have ridden in triumph into Paris as his grandfather had done in his day. And in that hour of victory Germany would not have hurried. Her plans—long laid—for the complete subjection were too manifold for her to have put them into immediate execution.

IN THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS TOUCH AND GO: London's great financial effort to meet the gigantic current expenses of the War. Trafalgar Square was plastered with hoardings urging the Londoner to dive still deeper into his pocket

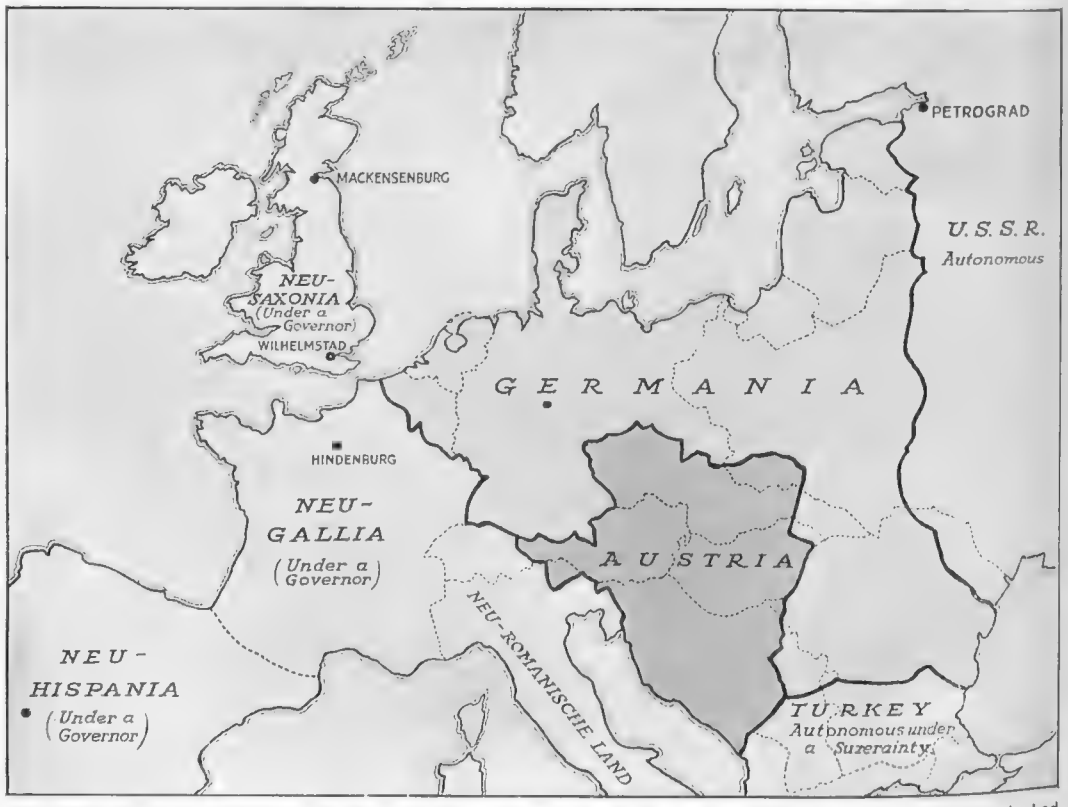
Once Germany was in Paris the rest would have been comparatively easy. There would have followed the automatic annexation of Belgium, of Holland, and the placing of those countries under German military dictatorships. Nothing succeeds like success, and the peoples of Poland and the Balkans would have bowed to the inevitable. It would have been possible for Germany to establish that great hegemony which she had always planned, that great amalgamation of States which would have brought about her dream—a German domination of the whole of Mittel Europa. Her troops would have poured down through the Balkans to greet their friends, the Turks.

The Austrians, under German command, would have been solid along the Adriatic. Greece was bound to go. Italy might have withstood for a little while, but her case would have been hopeless. Italy once again would have been under the heel of the Hun, governed by a dictatorship from Rome. The way to India via Suez having been stopped, India doubtless would have blazed up. The Mediterranean would have become a German lake after Gibraltar had been starved into surrender.

Eastward, Germany would probably have been more lenient. Russia would have been too much of a problem even though all that really mattered in Europe were within her grasp. She might have held St. Petersburg as a hostage for Russia's good behaviour. Denmark would have been crushed; Norway overrun; and the Swedes, always Teutonophile, would have been willing victims.

Germany, indeed, would have been in a position such as never even France was in the days of Napoleon. Every male of her population would have been in arms and fed by the lands they occupied. Money? Germany would have had merely to put the screw on to have obtained all the money she required. And she would not have scrupled. In this way she would have maintained vast mobile armies which by all the methods known to a triumphant frightfulness would have quelled any foolish rising in any part of her vast empire of slaves. Disarmament? There would have been no discussion on disarmament. Germany would by force have disarmed

(Continued on p. 250)



EUROPE IF GERMANY HAD WON: A vision of what might have been if a great break through had occurred in August, 1918. It may be argued that it would not be possible to hold nations in this way. One answer is that the Romans accomplished it and held a vast European-Mediterranean empire under military governors. There was then no question of minority rights in old Gaul, Spain, or Britain

WHERE THEY REST

THE MILITARY CEMETERY AT ETAPLES where more than 10,000 members of the British and Dominions Forces are buried

THE DOIRAN CEMETERY

The burial place of 1,300 officers and men of the 22nd and 26th Divisions. It was consecrated in 1916

THE ELEVENTH HOUR OF THE ELEVENTH DAY OF THE ELEVENTH MONTH: The shepherd respects the two minutes' silence as he keeps his lonely vigil on the moors. *Left*—The Tyne Cot Cemetery at Passchendaele which contains over 12,000 graves and a memorial (right) carrying the names of 35,000 men reported missing between August, 1917, and the end of the War

NEAR SALONICA

THE RISING TOLL OF

A BOON TO NIGHT MOTORISTS: The lowest arm of this new type of signpost in Sherwood Forest is only 3 ft. 6 in. from the ground, thus allowing it to be illuminated by motor head-lamps

THE BEACON LIGHT which has done much to check traffic and to prevent accidents on the main arterial roads. The flashing lights instantly attract the attention of motorists

AT THE BOGNOR-GOODWOOD CROSS ROADS: A serious accident which only good fortune prevented from being fatal for those concerned in it

THIS PILLION PASSENGER, precariously perched behind her swain, may find exhilaration in her swift mode of transport but would probably pause to think if she knew of the numbers who had lost their lives on motor cycles

THE WRECKED CAR in which Mr. Cyril Buckham, the South African jockey, met his death on the Portsmouth Road. He crashed head-on into a coach when swerving to avoid a woman who had run out into the road

WHEN EVEN HOMES ARE MENACED: A house in Wimbledon, which was severely damaged when a lorry crashed into the front room after attempting to avoid a wayward motor cyclist

NO EXCUSE FOR ACCIDENTS: This is not an experiment in war-time camouflage but a highly-practical means of avoiding accidents at level crossings. It comes from Victoria, Australia, where many branch-line trains are painted with stripes in front and rear to make them more readily visible

A NARROW ESCAPE: When this lorry went on fire on the London-Southend Road, the driver was enclosed in a circle of flame. Although badly scorched, he managed to free himself in time

In spite of efforts at traffic control, street accidents continue to increase at an appalling rate. During the quarter ending September 30 of this year, seventy-seven more persons were killed and 1,868 more injured in London alone than in the corresponding three months of 1932. This is an increase of 28 per cent. in the number of fatalities and 13 per cent. in the number of injured. Private cars appear to be by far the greatest menace, for of the total of 381 killed and 16,208 injured, they were responsible for 125 and 5,192 respectively. In the same quarter last year they caused 87 deaths and injured 4,528 people. The Ministry of Transport's investigation into the causes of accidents also reveals the pedestrian to have been at fault on a large percentage of occasions. In these cases at least something could be done, and done quickly, to stem the tide of disaster. Other countries have done it, why should not we? In many Australian and American cities the would-be

THE ROAD: A Pictorial Survey of Some Aspects of a Daily Menace

WHEN MOTOR COACHES COLLIDE: Many passengers were injured in this accident which occurred last summer near Chelmsford. Numerous pictures of coach accidents have reached the "Sphere" during the past few months

SEEN IN STAMFORD STREET: The tremendous impact which followed a collision between a lorry and this cart resulted in the uprooting of a pillar box

AMIDSHIPS: The scene after a crash on the New-market Road near Six Mile Bottom. In the car on the left it will be noted that the safety glass has not even cracked

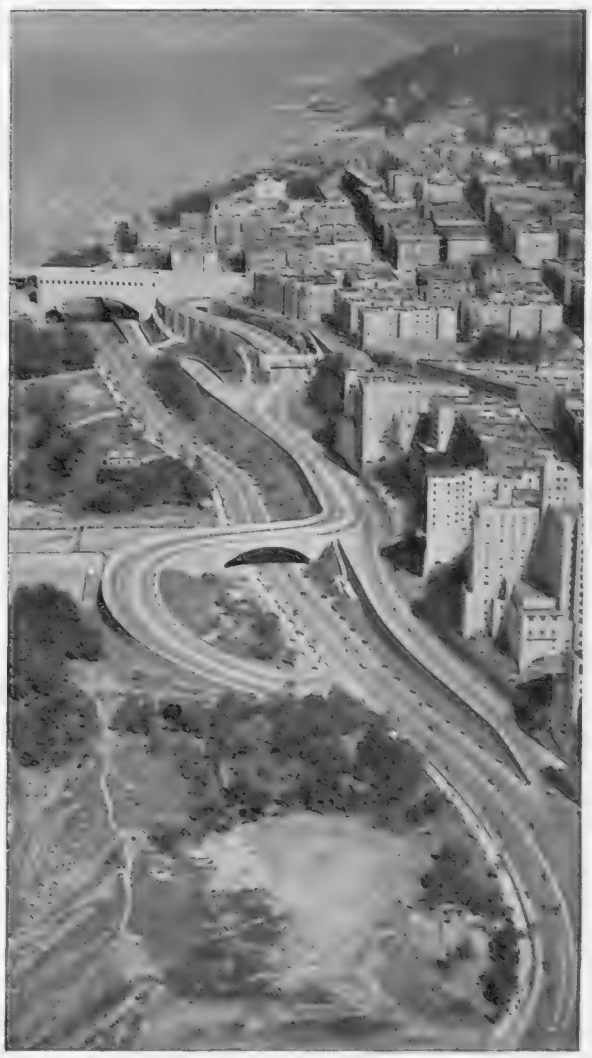
A LORRY'S FATE: This lorry was damaged beyond repair after coming into collision with a motor bus. A large number of such pictures has reached "The Sphere" during recent months

"jay-walker" is prevented by law from dashing across the streets. He must wait until the lights are in his favour, or else pay for his impetuosity with a fine.

From all accounts the system has worked well. Clearly-defined crossings or "sanctuary lanes," which are already in operation in some parts of England are also an obvious necessity for busy municipal areas. All this, however, only relates to a percentage of our traffic problem, and it is gratifying to know that the Ministry of Transport is investigating the whole question and attempting to frame a code which will deal effectively with that disastrous minority of reckless drivers who place in jeopardy the lives of all those who use the roads. What these new laws will be is still a matter for speculation, but, provided they do not place too great a number of restrictions on the many because of the thoughtlessness of the few, there is no doubt that they will be generally welcomed.

AN EXAMPLE TO US ALL: A scene in the National "Safety First" Association's children's talkie. "Now let us see what the Great Dane champion, Alert of Send, and his kennelmaids do when they want to cross a road with the assistance of Mr. Robot, the gentleman with the three coloured eyes—they look up at the coloured lights, and wait for green"

CORK AND CONCRETE ROADS: A new departure in highway construction which was tried out this year in East Sussex to cope with the heavy motor traffic of the summer months. Slabs of treated cork are placed between the concrete sets, thus providing a perfect expansion joint which, it is claimed, will keep the roads in good repair for a greatly extended period



HOW NEW YORK GETS OUT TO NEW JERSEY: The net-work of roads leading from Riverside Drive to the Hudson Bridge. This system was put into operation to combat the chaotic conditions obtaining during the rush hours

AT THE FRENCH COLONIAL INSTITUTE BANQUET: M. Dalimier (second from right), the Colonial Secretary in the Daladier Cabinet and now M. Sarraut's Minister of Justice, was the guest of honour

FRANCE in UNREST

Is there too much Paternal Etatism?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

For the second time this year France has grown restive, domestically, and nothing has yet been solved or settled by either occasion. We have become so accustomed to hearing of the French only in relation to their external affairs that it may be a refreshing break to turn the searchlight inwards on the country with a view to clarifying, if possible, some of the troubles brewing there. These are numerous, and the next six months—anyway, by the summer—should determine how they are going to be tackled. The Republic cannot afford to let things slide much longer than that if it is to conserve its very necessary sinews. The present effort is apparently to be the Sarraut one of developing the French Possessions on Ottawa lines, and of postponing the financial day of reckoning . . . still further. Shrewd minds do not think it will work. Yet neither do the same minds believe that the opposition notion of a dictatorship is the solvent. One hears the word "dictator" a great deal in Paris just now, but the French have never submitted to an outright, implanted, one-man rule; on the rare occasions of such an arrival, the individual has stirred upwards from the masses, themselves stirring. The population is in the way of stirring to-day, has been intermittently for some time, but thus far has shown scant sign of throwing up a leader.

Probably at the bottom of the present French *crise de régime*—which is what it amounts to—is the widespread belief that the historic corner-stone of the Rights of Man has been chipped and defaced, and that privilege has been re-enthroned as not since the kings of long and fruity vintage. The Frenchman's conception is and remains that the State and its functionaries are maintained to serve him, not the other way round, and moreover that he shall derive the best service. His confidence in the last half has been sorely tried of recent years. Far too many Frenchmen believe they are getting a dud show in return for all their outlay. This is particularly so in the cities and towns. On the land, where labours nearly half the nation, a charge is that there have been much coddling and favouritism. Deputies are afraid to face their rural constituencies if they vote the slightest thing away from the vast agricultural community. Roundly put, the allegation is that the latter is being humoured at the expense of other sections of the population; the scales are not being held fairly. Revolt against privilege has been at the bottom of France's past upheavals, and small matter if the favoured ones be "aristos" or farmers.

The farmers and the functionaries. These two I should be inclined to list near the top of unpopularity in contemporary France. The urban element alleges that not only is taxation crippling all individual effort—and it has shot up alarmingly, both direct and indirect—but that the farmers avariciously dictate the high cost of living while the swarming functionaries, over a million of them dug in all over the place, in every nook and corner, and receiving so much scot free, render any budgetary reduction impossible. You will get others attacking the rentiers, of course (though the small ones have suffered grievously), and also the "militarists" for their armament demands, but the farmers and the functionaries receive the most insistent broadsides. I believe we have only about one-seventh the civil servants in England—why not give ourselves a mark occasionally?—and I hesitate to write down some of the stories I have heard of how French functionaries are supposed to hold politicians and even successive Cabinets in their hands, threatening to make public this and that dark *histoire*. Messieurs les Fonctionnaires grasp the country pretty firmly. Try to reduce their salaries or otherwise to scale down their cost, and men like Paul-Boncour and Daladier are confronted with much the same brand of threat as we were up against in May, 1926.

It is curious, in this respect, how popular disapproval has moved from the curé to the teacher. The latter is now regarded as the embodiment of functionary domination, interference, and privilege. In the local teacher and his teaching wife the people have come to see the symbol of that Etatism which, they aver, has developed into such a costly and mischievous burden.

This spreading Etatism or State paternalism, butting in everywhere at great cost to the taxpayers, has really been a post-War growth, and it must have already led to some of the worst finance on modern record. The State has come to appear as a milch-cow from which there shall be an unending flow in all directions. We have never seen the like while having had some experience. To placate this and that industry or commerce or group or interest, down goes the Government's hand almost perpetually, and obviously such repetition must finish up by breeding a measure of rottenness. Perhaps André Tardieu started the worst aspect. Budgets were only balanced on paper, if that, and on went the subsidies right and left. We shall never know what has gone out to shipping alone, but it has really been one constant tale of protection for this, and subsidy for that. And this kind of thing cannot be done indefinitely with impunity. For instance: the Norman farmers demand a ban on Danish butter. Promptly the Danes ban French wines. As usually the first hit in retaliation, the wine industry has been "helped" by its taxes being reduced to farce. In the Gironde it was lately found that all the wine-growers paid in certain taxes was 650,000 francs *p.a.*, whereas in the same area industry was paying just about nineteen times as much!

One could cite many quarters of the country which are really hit—unlike the average English conception of a France basking in relative plenty and on stacks of gold. The gold is there all right, but it seems to be doing precious little save as prospective war-chests some day. Lots more of the same metal—some say £100,000,000—is tucked away in the famous "*bas de laine*," usually on the land, where it is sewn away in mattresses or buried in the garden. In many quarters, however, there is a genuine raw deal, and the rising cost of living has determined large numbers of taxpayers to get together and to refuse to pay higher imposts. That is what they call them—imposts—as of old. The Lille textile and Lyons silk areas are grievously hit; so is the whole tourist country (once the fourth industry), and the wine districts are just stacking up bottles while the Frenchman drinks more and more water.

The numbers that are currently living on credit in some shape or form would hardly be believed in England. It is a great mistake, I think, to picture the French as so able financially. They do the most idiotic things with their money sometimes; simply throw it away. The *traite* system is made the implement of living continuously ahead of one's income.

Daladier said as a parting shot that his countrymen were as timid in financial matters as they were brave patriotically. That is: they were not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices towards the upkeep of the State. It is true the French have little civic sense, little idea of pulling together in time of peace, but they argue that the money they pay into the national coffers is being thrown right and left, and it must be admitted that a fairly strong case could be made out. As the world's keenest individualists, our friends are also tired of nose-poking into their private budgets. They allege a growing interference with personal liberty in the country renowned above all others for that commodity.

As I see it, the central trouble is not one of inadequate patriotism, but a rabid State paternalism that has taken the form of extending privileges to this section of the community over that element; the grave effect being that of setting one part of the population against the other. A failure of democracy? Maybe so. There is no doubt that a pretty serious mess has been made of the finances and economics of the country; the fault being all the greater in that France *could* have got through better than most others, given a moderately sound system.

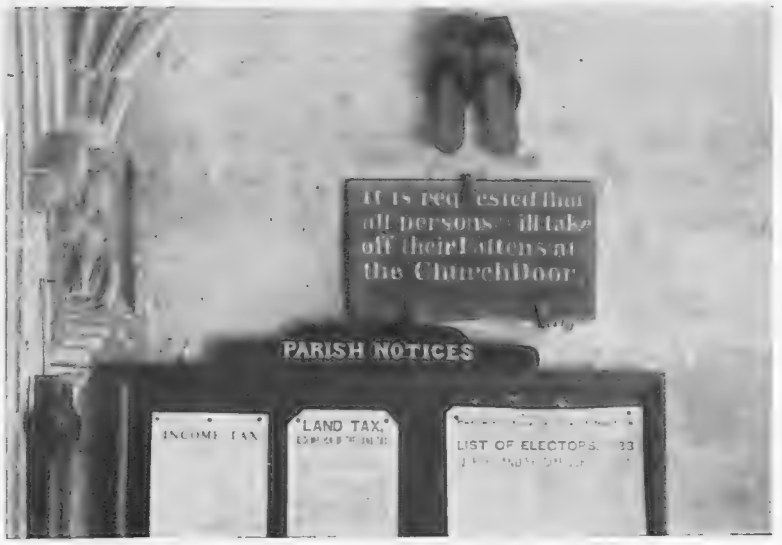
If only the country could go back to the days of "integral individualism"! That is a common lament. France perhaps knew less of State paternalism than any other big country. Now she is soaked in it.

It may be (as suggested early on) that France has got to face up to something like our General Strike situation; by which is not necessarily implied a French general strike at all, simply that some government or other will have to take up the gauntlet and refuse to be further dictated to by this or that special section of the population. But that is speculation. And one could go on by speculating that France will go off gold in the spring, thereby easing her domestic position. One thing is not speculation: the existing impasse has been primarily brought about by too much Etatism, too much intrusion and favouritism, by a reinstatement of privilege and concomitant departure from the Declaration of the Rights of Man. At least, that is what lots and lots of Frenchmen are saying.

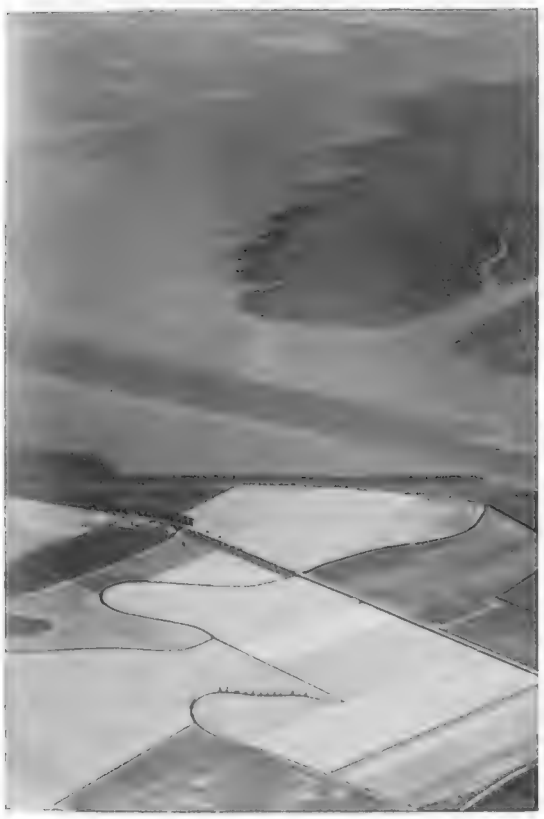
BACK TO OFFICE: M. Anatole de Monzie (Education) and M. Albert Dalimier (Justice) congratulating each other on their inclusion in M. Sarraut's new Cabinet

THE SEARCH FOR KING JOHN'S LOST TREASURE

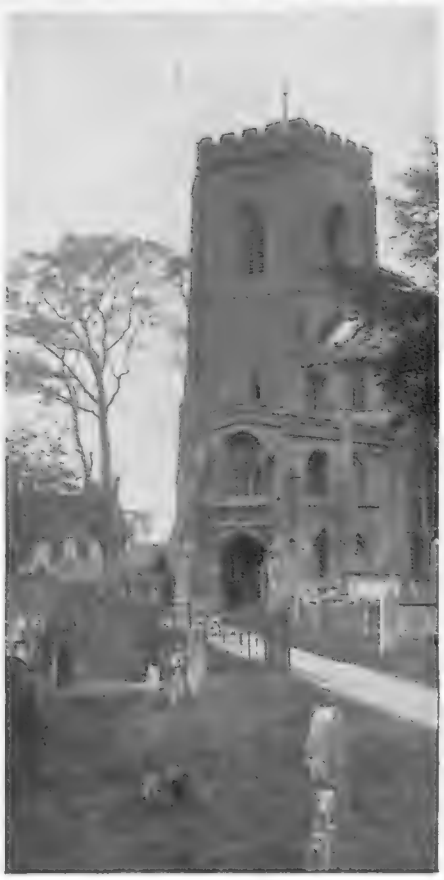
ON THE TRACK OF THE LOST BAGGAGE TRAIN: This view is taken from the top of the church of Walpole St. Peter. It was through this village, now the local headquarters of Fen Research, Ltd., that King John rode on the tragic day in 1216, when he lost his treasures in the quicksands of the Wash. *Left inset*—An artist's impression of King John escaping from the tide on Long Sutton Beach



SUTTON BRIDGE TO-DAY: This spot was formerly a mass of quicksands midway between Long Sutton and Cross Keys



THE CHANNELS OF THE WASH: An aerial view showing the nature of the estuary



THE HEADQUARTERS OF FEN RESEARCH, LTD.: The new premises stand in the shadow of the church of Walpole St. Peter

IN THE CHURCH OF WALPOLE ST. PETER: This fine medieval structure has a fascinating porch enriched with carvings and a pair of ancient pattens

AN ANCIENT SEA WALL: Roman Bank is now used as a roadway. In days gone by it kept back the waters of the Wash

KING JOHN'S FARM: The name of this old-time property recalls to travellers the disaster which overcame the King in this neighbourhood

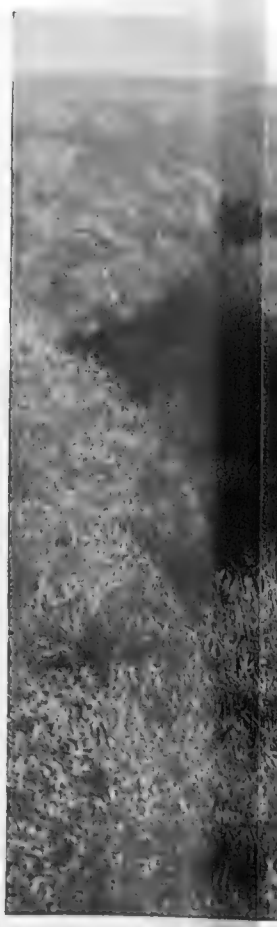
The search for the lost treasure of King John has been arousing more and more interest with the knowledge that the work is proceeding in spite of some initial difficulty. The search for buried treasure of any kind has a great lure for the human mind, and in this case the historic incidents connected with this lost Royal treasure are of especial interest. The story is, of course, one of the best known in the history of England, that is to say in its broad outlines. As an incident it ranks popularly with the burning of the cakes by King Alfred. The event in this case is, however, of undoubted historic veracity, and Matthew Paris, Abbot Ralph of Coggeshall, and other contemporary chroniclers have recorded it with a sufficiency of detail to intrigue the historically minded. The late Mr. W. H. St. John Hope was particularly captivated by this story, and wrote in *Archæologia* some few years ago a detailed examination of the facts concerning the actual loss of the Royal baggage train in the quicksands of the Wash and of the events leading up to it. He brought to this examination a wealth of knowledge, and showed that in certain aspects the popular version of the story was not quite correct. The baggage train was undoubtedly lost, but King John and his army were not actually accompanying it at the catastrophic moment.

Mr. Hope has worked out the rapid movements of the King during the period when he was harrying the land of the barons who, a short time before, had forced him to sign Magna Carta at Runnymede. King John and his mounted forces moved about with great rapidity. In October, 1216, the King was in the neighbourhood of Norfolk and Lincolnshire, and when nearing the fatal twelfth of the month he was found to be at King's Lynn and was there from Sunday the 9th till Tuesday the

(Continued on following page)

THE ATTEMPT TO RECOVER KING

THE KING WHO LOST THE TREASURE: On Wednesday, October 12, 1216, John lost all his accumulated wealth in the quicksands of the Wash, and died two or three days later from sickness and chagrin

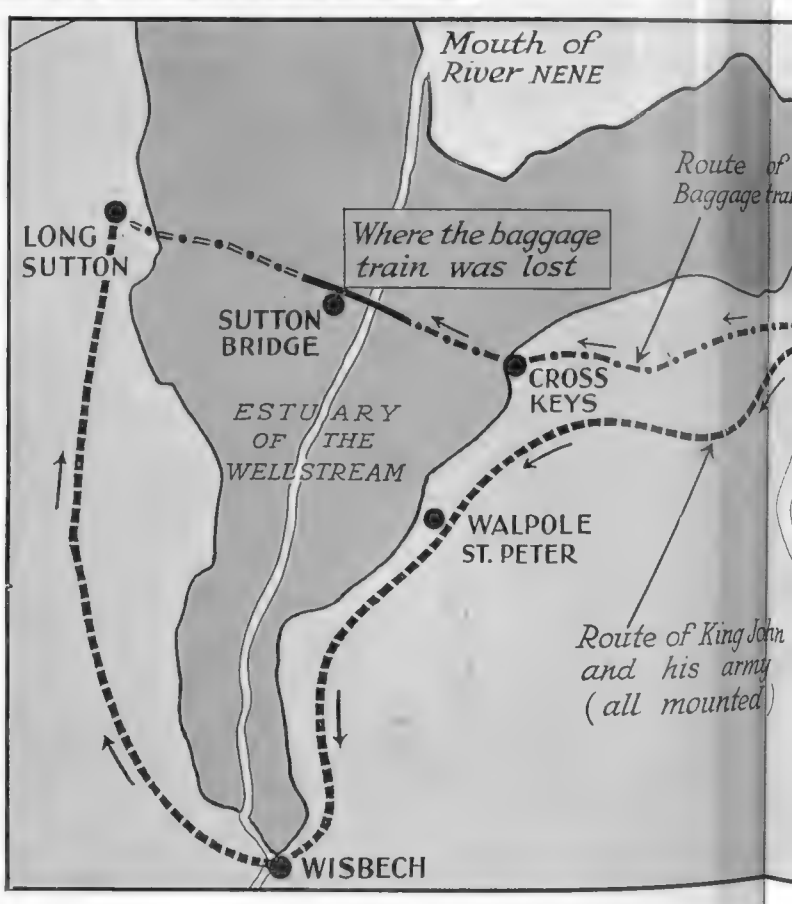


COVERED BY THE TIDE AT H
of acres of this tufty marsh
the Wash to-day. It is a diffic

NEAR THE WASH TO-DAY: The tall rushes still wave in the winds over the wide meadow and marshlands surrounding the Wash, but much of the reclaimed soil is now arable land

HEADQUARTERS OF FEN RESEARCH, LTD.: This attractive little building is being erected for the staff who will conduct the search for King John's lost treasure. It is close to the church of Walpole St. Peter

THE ENGULFING OF THE BAGGAGE TRAIN: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION: Mr. Gordon Browne pictures some of the sumpter horses sinking into the quicksands when the train entered the Wellstream



THE ROUTE OF THE BAGGAGE TRAIN ACROSS THE WASH IN 1216: The lighter land as it was in the time of King John, while the shaded portion indicates those during the last two centuries. The map also shows the King's route through

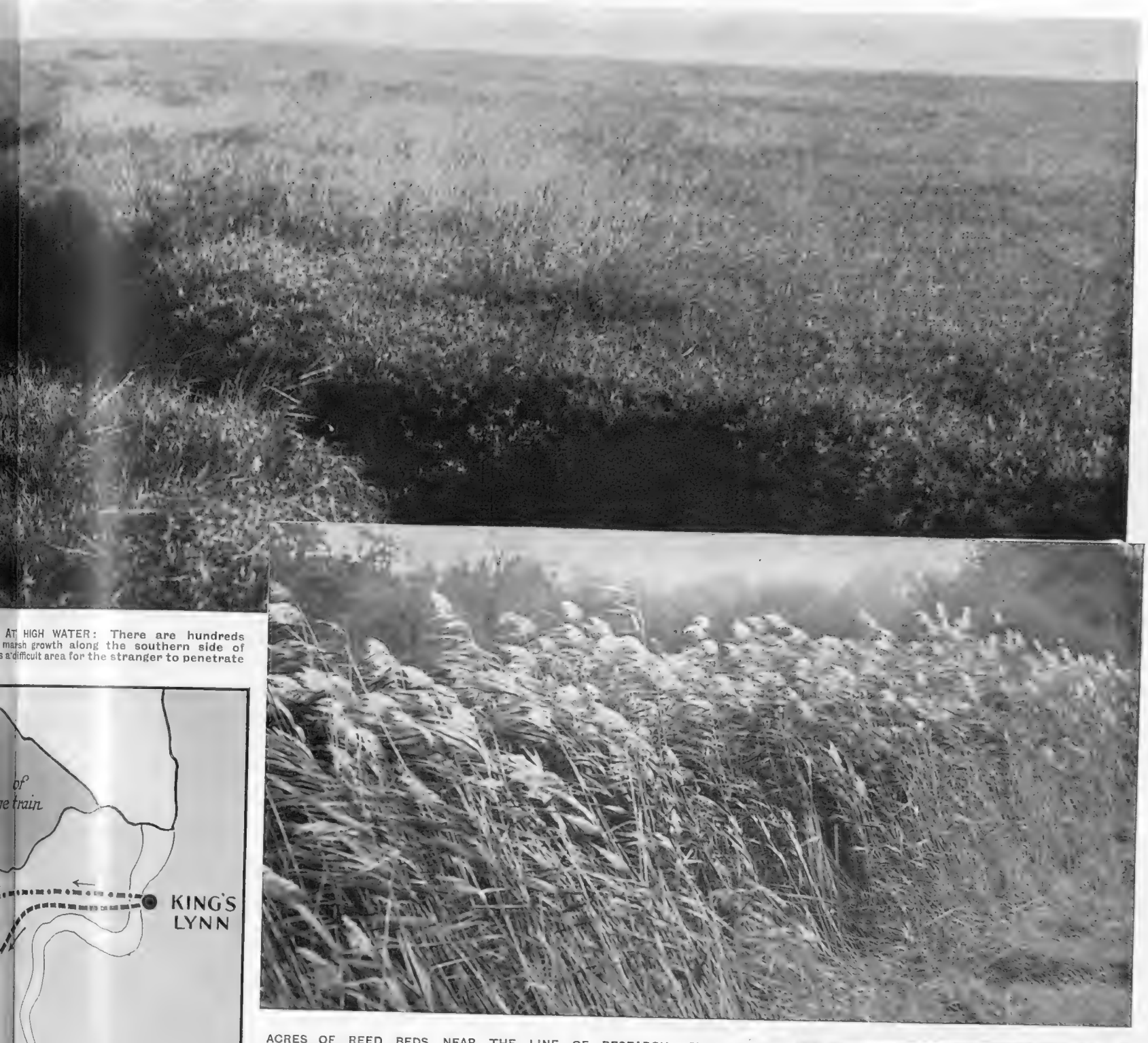
(Continued from previous page)

eleventh. On the twelfth he was at Wisbech, and later in the same day was at Swineshead Abbey. There is still a village of that name. It lies outside the sketch map given here some miles to the north-west. It was during this journey from Lynn, or King's Lynn, that the tragic loss of the Royal baggage train occurred. Mr. St. John Hope points out that the three chief detailed accounts agree in the following main facts:

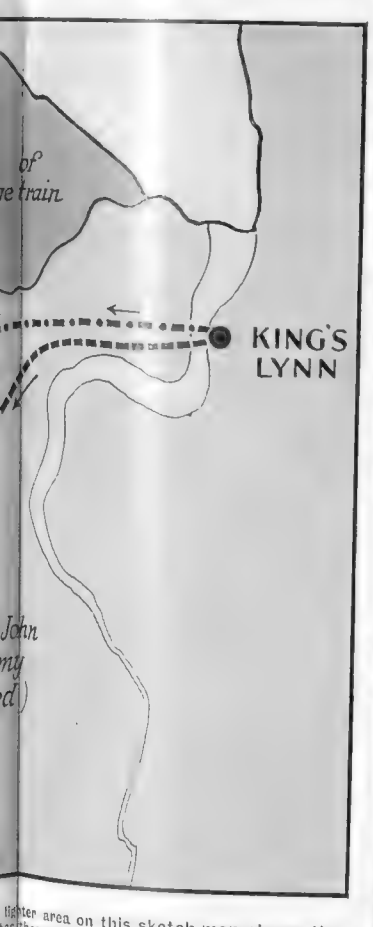
(1) That John himself and his army barely escaped disaster.
(2) That his baggage train, which followed after, was lost in the quicksands of the Wellstream, and
(3) That distress of mind at his loss so affected the King that it contributed to his death a few days later.

Mr. St. John Hope has worked out the separate routes of the King and his baggage train. Piecing together the available facts he concludes that K
St. Peter to Wisbech, and
moved northward to Long
to follow the King by a
route marked on the accom
village of Cross Keys (wh
the edge of the estuary o
baggage train extended ab
towards Long Sutton, where
portable chapel, his tents,
domestic impediments which
was no causeway and they
of which was an invariab

NG JOHN'S LOST TREASURE: Scenes Around the Wash To-day and on the Track of the Lost Treasure Train



AT HIGH WATER: There are hundreds marsh growth along the southern side of s a difficult area for the stranger to penetrate



ighter area on this sketch map shows the tes those parts which have been reclaimed e through Wisbech to Long Sutton

s that King John went by way of Walpole bech, and there crossed the Wellstream and to Long Sutton. The baggage train was g by a shorter route. It set out along the he accompanying sketch map and reached the Keys (which still exists). It was then upon estuary of the Wellstream. In front of the ended about four-and-a-half miles of sand ton, where the King would be awaiting his his tents, his cooks, and his whole train of ents which accompanied the treasure. There and they pushed on without a guide, the use invariable custom with people less pressed

(Continued on p. 250)

ACRES OF REED BEDS NEAR THE LINE OF RESEARCH: Fields, roads, railways, and watery patches like the above will all provide problems for the research parties. It is estimated that they will have to dig to a depth of over 30 ft.

IMPEDING RESEARCH: There are a number of level crossings and other modern features in the neighbourhood of the baggage train's route between Cross Keys and Long Sutton

PRECURSOR TO THE BAGGAGE TRAIN'S LOSS: King John had signed Magna Carta against his will. At enmity with the barons he harried their lands and, invading Norfolk, lost his treasure

FOOT and MOUTH: The Mystery Disease

Some Methods of Combating a Costly Scourge

By CHARLES GRAVES

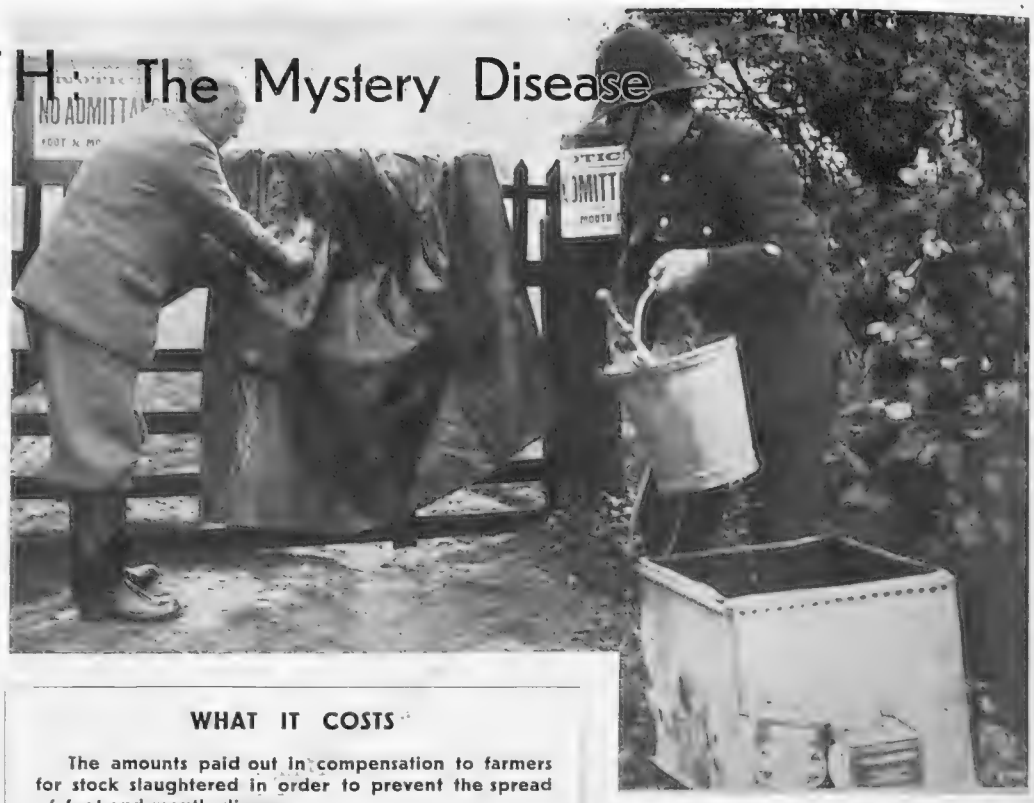
This is not quite so elegant a subject as Les Girls. But there is nothing like having a catholic taste, and just as my curiosity was aroused last week by the copious references to them in the Press, so it has been with foot-and-mouth disease. We read about it with such distressing frequency. We hear so many loud oaths from hunting people, and see so many pleased smiles on the faces of the head waiters when outbreaks occur. But what is it all about? What does it cost the country, and what chance is there of stopping it? And is it absolutely necessary to slaughter the animals?

Well, to give you an idea of what it can cost the country one may say that in the year 1923–4 merely the money paid out in compensation to the farmers amounted to £3,084,461. Admittedly, that is the highest figure on record, and in 1930–31 the compensation was only £4,616. But the year following it jumped to £94,388, and since January 1 of this year more than £71,000 has been paid out.

Last month fresh outbreaks were reported on thirteen days. At the moment there are four centres of infection with a standstill order operating over a fifteen-mile area. They are Flax Bourton near Bristol, Lowth in Lincolnshire, Barkway in Hertfordshire, and Ely, Isle of Ely. One of the unfortunate owners is Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Half of one of his pedigree herds has had to be destroyed, and the other is hanging in the balance, being experimentally treated with the new serum so popular in Germany.

Foot-and-mouth disease is caused by a virus so small that it can pass through the minutest pores of the finest bacterial filters. The first records in Whitehall which refer to it date back to 1869. During the three subsequent years 3,000,000 animals were attacked. In seven years, in Westmorland and Northumberland alone, the loss amounted to about £300,000. It spread again in the 'eighties, and three-quarters of a million animals were affected. In those days the farmers and the authorities realizing that then, as now, only about 10 per cent. of the sick animals died, and that the others recovered within a few months, did not slaughter them. They tried to isolate them. But that was no use. It was only forty years ago that slaughtering was adopted as being the only real preventive, and since then Norway, the United States, Sweden, and Switzerland have followed suit.

The need for slaughtering—high degree of infectiousness of the disease—is caused by the extraordinary drop in the milk yield and the decrease in weight of the affected animals. In addition, the after effects of slipped calves, diseased udders, and other ailments make it necessary.



A MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE OFFICIAL disinfecting his coat before leaving the farm at Barkway, Hertfordshire, where cases of foot-and-mouth disease were recently reported

WHAT IT COSTS

The amounts paid out in compensation to farmers for stock slaughtered in order to prevent the spread of foot-and-mouth disease:

YEAR	COMPENSATION £
1923–24	3,084,461
1930–31	4,616
1931–32	94,388
1933 (since January 1)	71,000

Furthermore, our valuable export trade of pedigree stock would be ruined if we did not adopt these summary tactics.

In foreign countries, where isolation is preferred to slaughter, the most appalling outbreaks occur. In little Belgium there have been 15,000 in the past three months.

In the past foot-and-mouth disease was philosophically treated as foot-and-mouth disease. And that was the end of it. But in 1919 the discovery was made in France that even animals which had previously had it and were thought to be immune could catch it again. On investigation it was discovered that there are three types of virus, each resembling the others in every way except that no one type confers immunity against the other two. In 1924 the Foot and Mouth Disease Research Committee was formed, and a number of reports have been issued. As far as one can see, the more they learn about the disease the gloomier is the outlook. It has been discovered that the power to survive of the virus is much greater than previously it was thought to be. And it has been impossible to differentiate its three kinds. The whole trouble with foot-and-mouth disease is the shortness of the incubating period, which is anything between three and six days. It can be spread by contact. It can be carried considerable distances on foodstuffs or by the contamination of the water supply. Horses, which are themselves immune, can carry it on their hoofs. The roads along which infected animals have passed, and the wagons in which they have travelled, can remain infective for a long time. Rats, birds, cats, and dogs can act as carriers of the disease. Many experts think it can be air-borne. It is certain that when an infected animal is slobbering, the threads of saliva may be blown a considerable distance and affect other animals. A drover may shake hands at market with three or four cronies, and they will all pass it on to their herds and flocks. For it is not only cattle which get it. Sheep and pigs can catch it with ease. The symptoms are sudden lameness, slavering, or both. Blisters appear on the mouth, the tongue, and at the junction of the skin with the hoof.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE IN HERTFORDSHIRE: In order to prevent the spread of infection the legs of each person leaving the farm at Barkway, where an outbreak has been notified, are thoroughly sprayed with disinfectant

So far the only methods which have been found to combat it at all successfully are slaughter and an immediate standstill order for the surrounding fifteen miles. In Sweden, between December 5, 1929, and May 6, 1932, the authorities decided to slaughter infected cattle. The result was that they had only 216 outbreaks in that period and were then free. In Denmark they isolated them, with the result that they had no fewer than 13,860 outbreaks, and at the end of the period things were worse than ever. What happens in England is that a farmer who suspects foot-and-mouth disease in his stock at once informs the nearest constable. He in turn telephones to the local authorities, who send a veterinary inspector and a constable to the suspected herd. If the veterinary surgeon thinks that foot-and-mouth disease has set in, he signs a certificate which immediately stops the movement of all animals in the road within an area of five miles. The police, in addition to notifying the local authorities, telephone or telegraph the Ministry of Agriculture in Whitehall. There are 100 inspectors in the Diseases of Animals Department, and one of them immediately goes down and examines and reports. There is a day and night telephone service, and instructions can be given throughout the twenty-four hours. The inspector who makes the report has to submit to a stiff cross-examination from the Ministry of Agriculture; but if it is decided that an outbreak has in fact occurred, the standstill order is increased to an area of fifteen miles in every direction. This means that all markets have to be stopped; the railways and the auctioneers have to be warned. I repeat, it is all done on the telephone.

The infected animals, and in fact the whole herd, though not necessarily all the animals on the farm (for there may be some outlying flock of sheep, for example, which may be thought to be safe), are immediately killed and burned. The premises are at once disinfected, usually with a solution of washing soda, and a quarantine of about seven-and-a-half to eight weeks is ordered. The farmer is then allowed to buy a limited number of animals, say ten or a dozen, to test the efficacy of the disinfection. It very rarely indeed proves unsuccessful, and after three weeks he is allowed to start up all over again. Though the farmers are paid full value for all the animals slaughtered, whether diseased or apparently healthy, they dislike these outbreaks immensely. Some of them insure against consequential loss, but even that does them no good.

What causes foot-and-mouth disease? Various theories are put forward, but they are only theories. The precautions that have to be taken against its

(Continued on p. 250)

SOCIETY And Its Entertainers

SIGNOR GIGLI, the Italian tenor with the voice of gold, who packed the Albert Hall last week and, in spite of illness, gave one of the most remarkable performances of his career

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER receiving some of the 500 guests who assembled at Eaton Hall, Chester, last week for the ball in support of the Women's Auxiliary Committee Special Appeal Fund for the new Christie Cancer Hospital and Holt Radium Institute

TRICKS OF THE CAMERA: A double impression of Miss Raquel Torres auctioning during the interval at Lady Birkenhead's and Lady Dalkeith's midnight gala performance of *Ballerina* in aid of the Safer Motherhood Fund

DRENA BEACH: A popular performer at New Murray's Club

THE HARMONY SISTERS whose dancing is an outstanding feature of Romano's cabaret

ROBERT LYNEN, the eleven-year-old French secondary schoolboy, who has been hailed as the greatest boy actor in the world, being interviewed by Press representatives at the Savoy Hotel during his visit to London for the première of the film, *Poil de Carotte*, in which he plays the lead

TWO RECRUITS TO CABARET: Jean and Joan Ormonde who have been delighting visitors to the Piccadilly with their step-dancing. They are to appear again shortly

AN UNCONVENTIONAL WEDDING: Captain Robert J. Teague, of the 5th/13th Frontier Force Rifles, and his bride, Miss Alice Woodroffe, the British Women's Badminton Champion, leaving Paignton Parish Church, Devon

PLAYS OF THE HOUR

Fred Astaire Demonstrates His Versatility in "Gay Divorce" at the Palace : "Ladies' Night"—a New Farce with an Age-old Theme : A Shakespearean Venture at Chiswick : Dame Madge Kendal's Reminiscences

By PHILIP PAGE

No "song and dance show"—for that would be the technical description of *Gay Divorce* at the Palace Theatre—is of no account when Mr. Fred Astaire is in the cast to do most of the dancing. Here is a young man who has brought the work he has chosen for himself to the very acme of perfection. In his line he is as great a dancer as Woidzikovsky, Massine, or Lifar, and he has a neat elegance which is all his own.

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FIVE YEARS: Fred Astaire who returns to the London stage in the new musical comedy, *Gay Divorce*, at the Palace. He partners Claire Luce

It is rather a lazy elegance too, and his walk is almost a slouch. But the moment some rhythm gets hold of him he is galvanized into swift and graceful activity. His feet tap like a typewriter in carnival mood, and never a beat is missed. And he is more than a dancer is Mr. Astaire. He is quite a good actor, and can get his effects as a comedian because he is content to set about the job quietly and not to rush his fences. He can sing pleasantly enough without indulging in that detestable but highly-paid bleat known as "crooning."

It is fortunate that Mr. Astaire has these many virtues, for *Gay Divorce* needs them. There is precious little else on which it can rely, though Miss Olive Blakeney, mightily efficient, can throw her "wise-cracks" about and make them seem pearls of philosophic wit; she can even raise a laugh with non-wise-cracks, which is more difficult.

Mr. Astaire's partner is Miss Claire Luce, a platinum blonde of the approved Hollywood type. In order not to vary by one hair's breadth from that type Miss Luce had not been on the stage a couple of minutes before she rushed off it and came back in a bathing-dress.

It was at this theatre a good many years ago that Miss Teddy Gerrard used to sing "We're so glad to see your back, dear lady." I was glad to see Miss Luce's bare back, because it is a very shapely back. But I did not want to see quite so much of it quite so soon and quite so long. In the subsidiary departments of her task—acting, singing, dancing, etc.—Miss Luce acquitted herself with somewhat less distinction, though she was graceful in a dancing duet in Act I which evoked much applause and will haunt the haunters of restaurants and supper-clubs until the primroses bloom.

Otherwise the music was remarkable for nothing beyond the heavy hand with which it had been orchestrated and for the deafening force with which a sort of super-jazz band played it.

What can have been the experience of the people in the front rows of the stalls at the brassy end of the orchestra I do not know. What I do know is that if I see *Gay Divorce* again, which, through Mr. Fred Astaire's fine performance, I would be quite willing to do, it shall be from the back of the gallery.

Mr. Eric Blore, long absent in America, has returned to put his own, and highly acceptable, brand of humour into a conventional part of a waiter, and another Erik (he spells it with a K) little by little worked his way into great favour—Mr. Erik Rhodes, who can sing.

Mr. Felix Edwardes has produced *Gay Divorce* with the great skill we expect of him. I imagine that the selection of three ladies of the chorus to speak a few lines who, owing to mental or physical disability seemed to be incapable of uttering in public an intelligible sentence, was part of the fun.

"Ladies' Night."—When Mr. Bernard Shaw said that, as material for drama, adultery was usually dull, he hit the nail on the head, though he did not, unfortunately, administer a death-blow to the familiar tactics of the average dramatist.

Even duller than adultery is near-adultery. Yet near-adultery has formed the basis of nine farces out of ten since the days of *A Night Out*, and it was a trite device even then. It crops up again in *Ladies' Night*, a "new" farce founded on an old one by the late Avery Hopwood.

My protest is not in the least a moral one. It simply springs from the conviction that the situation, which consists of a man attempting to slip the marital leash for a few hours—almost invariably they are the small hours—and then finding himself in a number of unlikely predicaments because his wife is on his track, cannot at any time have been very funny, and that generations of use have worn away from it any small vestiges of humour it may ever have possessed.

SCENES FROM "THE WIND AND THE RAIN"

CHARLES TRITTON (Robert Harris), the young medical student who has just arrived at a boarding house in a Scottish University city, contemplates the loneliness of life without Jill Mannering, while Paul Duhamel (George de Warfaz) registers the necessary sympathy

ROMANCE IN THE OFFING: Charles, about to begin an evening of study, has a welcome but unexpected visitor in the person of Anne Hargraves (Celia Johnson) who has come to return a book. They are at once attracted by each other

"NICE GOINGS ON": Mrs. McFee (Margaret Moffat) plainly shows her disapproval of Anne's presence in Charles' room by asking pointedly "Will there be anything else you're wanting?"

GILBERT RAYMOND (played by Mackenzie Ward), not knowing of Tritton's infatuation for Anne, asks him why he is not going to the dance

THE END OF A CHAPTER IN THEATRICAL HISTORY: A general view of the stage and auditorium of the Alhambra taken during one of the concluding performances of the Ballets Russes which preceded the final closing of the theatre. Playgoers will regret the passing of this famous place of entertainment, which during its last season has so abundantly lived up to a great tradition

If indignant farce-mongers exclaim "What, then, *are* we to write farces about?" I would reply, "Write them about any subject under the sun—a downright indecent one if you like and if you can get it past the Censor. But for goodness' sake give would-be unfaithful husbands a long rest."

A decent farewell should also be paid to any sort of carnival scene on the stage. Such scenes are for the most part confined to musical plays in which gaiety, if any, is instantly and permanently quashed by a procession of shouting roisterers wearing false noses and banging at each other with bladders. This sort of thing remains decently in the background in *Ladies' Night*. But we are given to understand that the amorous males escaped from their wives in order to go to some Bohemian carnival; they duly appeared in fancy dress after the carnival had broken up, a situation about as lively as a glass of flat champagne with a cigarette-end in it discovered among the debris of last night's party.

They invaded a Turkish bath reserved for ladies in order to infuse a touch of rather naughty sex-appeal into a play that admittedly needed something of the sort. But the naughtiness rather missed fire mainly because the lovely ladies we saw going in and out of steam-rooms and cold plunges were decorously swathed in towels. Twenty years ago this might have been considered an alluring sight. To-day, with the world attuned to the sun cure, bathing-costumes which would fit into a tobacco-pouch, and the photographs in the illustrated papers, I doubt whether it could appeal to a lately-landed sailor.

Perhaps it should be explained that all this pother arises because three men prefer to go to a Bohemian revel rather than take their wives to the theatre. The next step is to pretend to be women in that Turkish bath which they had visited for no reason that I could discover; and the final one is to impersonate policemen. The procedure is enlivened by some snappy lines, not all of them new, and brought within a possibility of success by the genius of Mr. Sydney Howard.

Mr. Howard shows us the domesticity of Yorkshire in his unwillingness, although he has made his pile by inventing a patent shuttle, to go "into society," as denoted by white ties and a backless white waistcoat. What Mr. Howard could do with female impersonation (in Act II he has to be a Spanish dame) he showed us in that amazingly funny scene with Mr. Leslie Henson in a farce next door at the Strand Theatre a few years back. Here his material is not so good, but he does wonderful things with it. A great comedian is Mr. Howard. Mr. Austin Melford and Mr. Jack Hobbs help nobly. Miss Jane Welsh and Miss Olwen Roose are so attractive that I cannot imagine anyone wanting to give them the slip, and Miss Maidie Hope is amusingly vulgar as Mr. Howard's socially ambitious wife.

But despite a clever and hard-working company, *Ladies' Night* is hardly a masterpiece of fun.

KYRA NIJINSKY who appeared in the ballet *Choreartium*, at the Alhambra

Shakespeare at Chiswick.—Congratulations and thanks are due to Sir Oswald Stoll for letting Shakespeare break out at Chiswick. Such suburban places of entertainment—palatial spots, most of them—as the Chiswick Empire are normally devoted to variety or the films, and it is good to find a stand being made for "the legitimate," and with such solid backing. Sir Oswald's Shakesperean venture at Manchester, of which I hear good accounts, should not be forgotten.

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I saw at Chiswick *The Taming of the Shrew*. Certain "Crazy Month" tactics had been applied to it; but they were not wholly out of place, for this is a merry comedy. There was none of the travesty here that occurred in a certain notorious film version, in which Miss Mary Pickford as Katharine knocked the bottom clean out of the play by giving a knowing wink after the beautiful "I marvel that you women are so simple" speech. Indeed, the "craziness" was restricted to a wild acrobatic dance which in all probability Shakespeare himself would have enjoyed to the full.

Miss Diana Wilson made an admirable Katharine, not too rampageous at the beginning of the play and wisely refraining from being arch at the end of it. Mr. Anew McMaster is a handsome and "well-graced actor," and his Petruchio had the necessary fire. Mr. Anthony Bernard's incidental music was both intrinsically delightful and well in the picture.

Dame Madge Kendal is so majestically Victorian that we would be surprised, and even disappointed, if we did not find in any book she wrote certain Victorian prejudices. Her book of reminiscences, *Dame Madge Kendal—By Herself*, which Messrs. John Murray have just published, abounds in them. It is none the less interesting on that account, and Dame Madge is far too brilliant a woman to launch any attack without some foundation.

At the same time, I venture to think that occasionally she compares the players of to-day with those of her youth and middle-age in a manner not wholly fair to the former. "To-day I notice," she writes, "that most prominent actors and actresses are constantly seen in society and in the night clubs. . . . Similarly, if one is to give one's best to the public it is unfair to be out all day playing golf or at the races."

That is rather sweeping. The social position of the stage has improved, and is not, I think, necessarily the worse on that account. But only a small percentage of "prominent actors and actresses" go to night clubs regularly, or even at all. Most of them, I know, declare they hate them as heartily as I do. As for a game of golf, it is obviously more healthy to spend the day in the open-air than to spend it in the hostelries in the Strand, as did a good proportion of the blue-chinned "laddies" of other days, even in my recollection.

With competition fiercer and things generally more difficult, I have an idea that the theatrical profession is more strenuous to-day than it was in Victorian times and that our actors, and our actresses too, are, on the whole, putting up a pretty good show.

The historical and anecdotal side of Dame Madge's book is deeply interesting.

THE NEW COMEDY AT THE ST. MARTIN'S

JILL (Judy Gunn), a vision in white, and her friend, Roger Cole (Hargrave Pawson), find Anne and Charles together on returning from the dance. Jill realizes that she has been supplanted

AS CHARLES PACKS FOR HIS RETURN TO LONDON, and the couple are resigned to never seeing each other again, Anne recovers as a keepsake the book which was responsible for their first meeting. Needless to say their parting is only short-lived

'LAST SCENE OF ALL": Mrs. McFee, resigned to the trials and troubles of running a University boarding house, shows Charles' successor (Kenneth Villiers) to his room

For the Winter Sports Woman

AVOIDING MISTAKES

There is no sterner sartorial critic than the Winter Sports enthusiast, and the standards he sets up are those dictated by commonsense and comfort. Skiing clothes must be simple and serviceable, well cut to allow freedom of movement, and made of a material that is wind and snowproof. Dark or bright colours look best against the dazzling blue and white of the sky and snow, Light reseda green proofed Burella is chosen for the ski-suit shown above, which comes from Burberry's in the Haymarket. It is lightly flecked with tiny pin spots of grey, the facing of the revers and the lining of the coat being of proofed check. The gauntlet mitts are of matching Burella, and the sweater is of pure Shetland wool. The eyes are shaded from the glare of the sun by the generous peak of the cap, but it is as well to take goggles, as they are often needed because of the reflection from the snow.

Gay effects are approved of for skating, and the plaid wool blouse shown on the right is assured of success. The gored skating skirt is beautifully cut, for though it measures 3 yards at the hem it fits as slenderly as an evening dress over the hips. The knitted gloves are made of a lace-like stitch, and the hand-knitted cap has a narrow silk cord round it. This outfit comes from Jaeger's, of 352, Oxford Street, W., where Miss Di Crewdson, the well-known ski-er, gives excellent advice to those who are planning their first Winter Sports holiday.

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The very practical sweater shown above is made in black, white, and vivid colours, with contrasting cuffs. The two-toned scarf may be threaded through the polo collar, as in the picture, and fastened with moulded glass buttons at the waist, or it may be worn in the conventional manner round the throat. It costs 33s. 9d., and comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge.

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Skating enthusiasts will welcome the inexpensive outfit sketched above on the right. The six-gored skirt is made in fine proofed corduroy velvet in scarlet, black, nigger, or navy. It has a zip fastener at each side, and costs 29s. 6d. at Harrods. The price of the velvet blouse is 12s. 9d. The all-wool scarf costs 4s. 11d. and the stockinette bandeau 3s. 6d.

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For the journey and for spectator-wear a pure camel-hair coat is ideal. The one on the right comes from Studd and Millington of 51, Conduit Street, W. Admirably tailored, it is thoroughly practical in every detail, and it is a style which will not date. The cuffs can be folded under and fastened on the inside of the sleeves so that they are windproof.

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. Robert Byron Looks at Modern Russia and Old Tibet: Dr. Dolittle Makes a Welcome Return: Mr. Beverley Nichols at his Best

Every traveller in Russia on his return home is met with the question, "Well, what do you think of it?" and every questioner goes away with a feeling of disappointment. It is easy to say that Germany is exciting, Italy progressive, Spain romantic and turbulent. We accept these descriptions, however inadequate. But anything we are told about Russia is under the suspicion of partizanship. We do not like to think that the Communistic regime is a success. On the other hand, when we are assured that it is a failure we wonder whether the observer is prejudiced. So few who go to Russia go on their own; they are conducted, they cannot comprehend a word of the language, they are the victims of missionary zeal. Their testimony has a touch of hysteria.

Now I feel completely satisfied with the account given by **Mr. Robert Byron** in **First Russia, Then Tibet (Macmillan. 15s.)**. He was the right kind of person to go to Russia, because he is primarily interested in art and architecture, and is not that tiresome creature, a man searching for an economic or a political formula. He is one of Fortune's darlings, not quite spoilt. When he wanted to fly to India Lord Beaverbrook gave him a cheque. It is clear that he is accustomed to be met by a car from the Consulate or the Embassy in the land he visits, and an alert Consul or Ambassador properly offers him hospitality. I have no doubt Mr. Byron, with his bright mind and odd independence, gives as much entertainment as he receives.

This book on Russia proves him the born traveller and the born reporter. He does not sneer at the conducted tourist, he believes that the Russian Government wants him to see everything; "the boldest flights of fiction by the late Mr. Edgar Wallace have visualized nothing to compare with the reality of those excitements which the Russian people are daily privileged to enjoy. At times, during my visit, I began to doubt my own sanity, but never for long." He discovered it was a perfect filmland, where the villain knew every trick, and virtue scored points according to trade union laws. He found the whole air poisoned with evil, every man living in fear of his neighbour. And yet "I found little time for dislikes. I could only observe and be thankful that such a spectacle had not been denied me." For Russia is still a land of beauty, of magnificence. It is adorned with a grand capital. The Kremlin remains a symbol of opulence. The blouses and the high boots have gone, the only factory up to the schedule of the Five Year Plan is the spat factory. It is a characteristic fact in a civilization that is like a pyramid upside down, with the proletariat pressing to earth the nose of the intelligentsia.

From Moscow Mr. Byron went to Leningrad, from Oriental splendour to stately grandeur. "To walk about the streets of Leningrad is to enjoy more good building, more general and more immediately apprehensible, than is provided by any of the world's large capitals." Yet it is not this old Russia of the Grand Dukes and the grand orgies that draws the Russian exile homewards in spirit. It is the new Russia that lives with zest as well as fear. "They escape," observes Mr. Byron, "the one supreme disadvantage that can afflict an intelligentsia — that of lethargy and complacence."

MISS ELSWYTH THANE, whose new biography, *The Tudor Wench*, tells the story of the early life of Queen Elizabeth. Her technique is somewhat unorthodox, as much of the book is written in dialogue form

The story of the end of Rasputin has been told many times, but for sheer drama there is no account to compare with Mr. Byron's vivid reconstruction of the murder as he stands in the octagonal room to which the monk was lured, and descends to the cellar in which, the poisoned cakes having failed, Prince Yusupov shot Rasputin. "After an interval he returned to look at the body. As he did so the face began to twitch and the eyes opened. Suddenly Rasputin jumped to his feet and seized the youth by the throat. Yusupov struggled to get away and fled up the stairs, while the monk could be heard crawling up them too on all fours." A few moments later they saw the enormous figure lurching across the snow, and the butchery was renewed. One point made by Mr. Byron, among many in this alert book, cannot be stressed too much. He observes the strange enthusiasm of our own intellectuals for a state of society in which those likest to themselves are so cruelly treated and periodically exterminated. Amid this welter of misery, persecution, fanaticism, and under the influence of a New Gospel of hate amounting to dementia, Mr. Byron clings to a hope that Russia will emerge. The contradictions will cancel themselves out, the proletariat will become bourgeois, and something akin to the materialism of the mid-Victorian era, with the machine as deity, will emerge.

Meanwhile, the process is painful and the methods unnecessarily brutal. I have not mentioned one-tenth of the things that interested Mr. Byron—the churches, the early Russian painting, the crown jewels, the old palaces, the new factories. And my gratitude is deep to him for so much fairness, frank honesty, and a determination to find beauty as well as to report horror. It is not yet a land to visit for those who love comfort. Train accidents are frequent, the fleas alone suffer no repression. "The train was a local one. There were no lights, the seats were of wood, and the wheels, I felt convinced, were square not round. The atmosphere was like some unsavoury anæsthetic. A Red soldier fell asleep on my bosom. Myself reclined on the ample person of an old peasant woman. So we returned to the capital."

It is a pity Mr. Byron has joined two books into one. The second half of this rich book, *Tibet*, stands apart. It is a piece of excellent reporting. Mr. Byron dreamed of Lhassa; he got only as far as Gyantse, our Trade Outpost. Desolation wrapped his party round, and incongruities met them. It is a shock to learn that the Dalai Lama in his retreat at Lhassa has the telephone laid on, and much appreciates it. It must have been difficult to repress a smile on the appearance of a Tibetan grandee, clad in gorgeous Chinese raiments and wearing a Homburg on his head. And there is an odd sound about those New Year games for which the Dalai Lama gives away the prizes. One lady sighed for trains and motor cars, but Mr. Byron, wiser, would keep Tibet for hard travellers.

I have said this is two books and one challenges the other; but Mr. Byron, in Russia or in Tibet, is equally alert and open-minded. Both are unknown countries that call for courage in investigation and wide intelligence in interpretation, and Mr. Byron is well equipped with both.

Do you know Dr. Dolittle? He generally comes to stay with us at Christmas, after fantastic adventures in the land where animals talk, and the stupidity of man is a thing of wonder. Dr. Dolittle lives at Puddleby-on-the-Marsh. He has been up in the moon, and at last he is returning. In **Dr. Dolittle's Return (Cape. 7s. 6d.)** **Mr. Hugh Lofting** is again the perfect storyteller for those who pretend they buy books for children. I once met the real Dr. Dolittle in an Atlantic liner. He was then about four, snub-nosed, and uncertain on his feet. He demanded bedtime stories, and punctually at six father retired with the nightly dose. Mr. Lofting has now an international family of children wanting his bedtime stories, and there is no figure more loved than dear Dr. Dolittle, the animals' friend. Gub-Gub the pig and Dab-Dab the chick are now reinforced with Cheapside the London sparrow, a terrible gossip, but full of news from unexpected quarters. His relations picked up a living around the cab ranks near St. Paul's. "From these relations he would bring us back all the gossip of the big city, such as that the Queen had a cold in her head (one of Cheapside's nieces had a nest behind a shutter in Buckingham Palace)."

It was Dr. Dolittle who bought a farm and turned it into the Retired Cab and Wagon Horses' Association. It was Dr. Dolittle who started the Home for Cross-Bred Dogs. I am delighted to learn that the doctor waived a rule and allows a thoroughbred cocker spaniel to enter the home. I have passed on the glad news to Beau Brummell, my own cocker. But the real excitement of this delicious book is provided by the extraordinary difficulty the doctor finds in getting into jail. Almost when he had succeeded, for a purpose, Lady Matilda Beamish, in her wrong-headed enthusiasm, paid the fine. Mr. Lofting's animals are so real that at moments it is the human beings who seem to be the animals in his topsy-turvy world. This is the ninth Dolittle book, and there is no falling away. I feel Dr. Dolittle will be called in for a long time yet to still the nursery and turn sophisticated parents into happy children.

MR. R. D. BLUMENFELD, author of *The Press in My Time*—a new volume from Messrs. Rich and Cowan

Mr. Beverley Nichols seems very much afraid that **A Thatched Roof** will be regarded as a sequel to *Down the Garden Path*. He writes a preface to assure us it is not. There is not a word of truth in his contention. Thank heaven it is a sequel! This newcomer supports its forerunner worthily and maintains Mr. Nichols as a garden institution, as much as are Sutton's seed catalogue and Ransome's lawn mowers. And at last we are relieved from a tremendous oath. Those of us who have visited the house he calls "Allways" have had to swear never to mention where it is, nor what it is like inside. Perhaps that was because it would be robbing him of a new book—this book; perhaps because, having invited the whole world into his garden, he was determined to keep something private.

Well, all those who went with him down the garden path can now walk into the house. They can sit in the garden room, pat the poodle whose distinguished parents, according to the pedigree given, were Lady Cunard and the Chinese Ambassador, or jump into bed two at a time, according to Mr. Rex Whistler's indiscreet interior of a bachelor's room. But over this book there is a terrible shadow. Dante forgot one figure in his Inferno, a disagreeable housekeeper. Mr. Nichols has put her in. No one was ever quite so hateful as Mrs. Wrench. She was mysterious, she was sinister. She disappeared, having come into a fortune. Mr. Nichols is developing a talent for making our flesh creep. He has imagined us all in gas masks, crying havoc; he has now, I believe, gone slumming to make us shiver with insanitary details. I hope he discovers Mrs. Wrench in his worst slum, reduced to penury and whining to a district visitor.

When Mrs. Wrench went up to make the bed, awful sounds were heard. When she came down-stairs "she looked as if she had just cleaned out the Vatican single-handed." This book might be called the journal of an interior decorator, it might also be called a guide for architects; it makes a plea for central heating, for thatch on the roof, for white on the walls, for more water in the bath, more light in old houses, and more humour in living. There is a Mr. Nichols who has not escaped the American blight, not in his orchard, but in his illumination. He floodlights a garden statue, and puts a lamp on the top of his flagpole. It sounds like Broadway, but I, who have seen it, can applaud this movement for a brighter, rustic England.

The end is frankly sentimental. Mr. Nichols' threnody over his death in the country sounds a little like the organ at a super-cinema: he positively enjoys his death throes. "I shall be in the white room over the quiet fields. . . ." Well, authors, like cowards, die many times before their deaths, and make good ends, passing quickly to Chapter One of the new masterpiece. I feel and hope there is many a good book to come out of the thatched cottage long before the author is carried away, not by himself, but by others. Not a sequel indeed! Mr. Nichols led us down the garden path to dwell under a thatched roof, and the end of that path has provided as much enchantment as the beginning. He has asked us in, and our curiosity is amply rewarded.

Messrs. **Rich and Cowan**, in selecting the writers for their *In My Time* Series, could not have found a better person than **Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld** for **The Press in My Time (6s.)**. At the close of a distinguished and successful career he has been persuaded to review the conditions in Fleet Street. He can look back a long time, and yet preserve the progressive spirit. He has seen astonishing changes, and knows well the pace and the transitoriness of newspaper life. The brilliant article of this morning is wrapping up fish tomorrow, and the bright youth may soon become the dyspeptic hack.

And to think that once upon a time Mr. Blumenfeld could have bought the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* for £5,000! I would put this book into the pocket of every young man going into Fleet Street. It will teach him to keep his head in the world's most exciting profession. Here are romance, courage, and tragedy crystallized.

On page 250 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

THIS LEAFY AUTUMN

"I'M GOING A-MILKING . . .": A charming autumn morning picture from a farm near the village of Basing, Hampshire. It will be noted how the general mildness of the weather and the lightness of the frosts have kept the trees and foliage almost as green as in September

THE VILLAGE SMITHY: Another unusually leafy autumn view taken a few days ago at Fittleworth, Sussex

A WOODLAND MONARCH FALLS TO THE AXE: Woodsmen beginning their task of chopping down the largest of the famous Bagot oaks on the Bagot estate at Rugeley, Staffordshire. In the fourteenth century these woods were a favourite hunting ground of John of Gaunt

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS: The farm girl meditates on the leafiness of the autumn scene. This picture was also taken near the village of Basing, Hampshire

"ÆNEAS AND ANCHISES": The recently-discovered picture attributed to Giorgione

A LOST GIORGIONE DISCOVERED

So many of the early paintings of Giorgione have been lost, and so many works have been erroneously ascribed to him, that authorities in the art world are justifiably cautious before hailing any new discovery as authentic. It seems almost certain, however, that Signor Giorgio Sangiorgi, the art critic and collector, has made a really notable find of one of Giorgione's most important lost works. This picture had been left in an attic of the Villa Garzoni, in the Veneto, and before it was shown to Signor Sangiorgi no one appears to have paid much attention to it. He examined it both before and after restoration, and came to the conclusion that it was the long-lost "Æneas and Anchises." The picture shows in the foreground a youth seated upon a rock and near him is an old man with a white beard and with his eyes shut. It is blind Anchises who finds his son, returned from Erebus, in the Elysian fields. Signor Sangiorgi realized at once the likeness between these two figures and those which appear in a fragment of an engraving attributed to Campagnola, an artist who was known to have been inspired by the works of Giorgione, and whose engravings have before now served to identify them. This convincing piece of evidence certainly gives the picture enormous interest, and, if not providing proof positive of its authenticity, must at least have enhanced its value many times over. Giorgione (pronounced Jor-jóneh) ranks with the very greatest of the Venetian painters and is known to have exerted a powerful influence over Titian and his other contemporaries. In Venice he was extensively employed in fresco painting, but only a few fragments of his work now remain

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA'S "MADONNA AND CHILD," which has recently been acquired by the Detroit Institute of Arts, Michigan

"TWO ANGELS IN PRAYER": A pair of sculptured marble statuettes by Giovanni Antonio Amadeo (1447–1519) which are included in the art collection of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan to be auctioned in New York towards the end of this month. Amadeo achieved distinction with his remarkable designs for the Certosa di Pavia, and was generally acknowledged as the greatest North Italian sculptor of his day

The APPROACHING WINTER SPORTS SEASON

The Varied Attractions and Characteristics of Some Famous Mountain Resorts

TAKING A STEEP SLOPE AT SCHEIDEGG, the famous resort at the foot of the Jungfrau

SKI HEIL

There was a very pleasant story in a humorous weekly in the early summer. Two rather county women were discussing their new neighbours, and one says to the other, "They are rather common people. They take their holidays in August." Ten years ago this joke would not have been a joke. It would have been unintelligible. To-day so many people save up their precious three weeks or a month in the year to go to Switzerland for the winter sports in December, January, and February that the jest more than justifies itself. Indeed, I am always surprised that the proprietors and companies in control of the smart West End restaurants and dance clubs do not remain open all through August and most of September on the one hand, and then close during January and February. For those are the two lean months, partly because of luxury cruises, but still more because of the winter sports when the waiters in Mayfair almost invariably outnumber the clients.

Two years ago England had just gone off the gold standard and the bookings for the winter sports were positively pathetic. Last year there was a remarkable increase, and this year already, with three months to go, the bookings are more than double those of last year. This is very pleasant for everybody, because we all have the herd instinct more or less; and though we might be much more comfortable and have more elbow-room if there were fewer visitors, the fact remains that one never enjoys either a winter resort or a theatre unless the place is pretty full.

It is true that the Swiss exchange is still against us, but the reduction of the fares by the Swiss Federal Railways more than compensates for the difference as far as transport is concerned. The hotels also have wisely taken the exchange into account, and the decrease in charges which they are offering also makes things no more expensive than they were last year. Meantime, the exchange in this past fortnight or three weeks has been operating strongly in our favour. Already it has improved in our favour to the extent of 50 centimes, which is quite a lot of money. Moreover, friends of mine in the City assure me that in this next three months the pound is going to be worth still more in Switzerland.

The question now is, where shall we go for honey—in this case the best powder snow under the brightest of suns, and flanked by the most attractive hotels? You have more or less four options. You can go to the Bernese Oberland, which includes Wengen, Grindelwald, Scheidegg, Mürren, Engelberg, Adelboden, Gstaad, Grimmialp, or the St. Moritz area, or Arosa

(Continued on pages 242-243)

Left—SKI-PRINTS IN THE SNOW: A delightful picture from the Bernese Oberland

GATHERING SPEED at the start of a thrilling descent

SWITZERLAND'S MOST COSMOPOLITAN RESORT:

SKI HEIL (Continued from previous page)

and its neighbouring resorts, or Caux in French Switzerland. There is also a choice of all sorts of smaller places like Saalbach, Zuoz, or Piz Mundaun. Obviously, however, I have not the space to discuss all the forty-eight winter resorts, which call themselves "the ski-ers' paradise."

St. Moritz is the most cosmopolitan, gorgeous, orchidaceous winter resort in the High Alps. I have been to dinner parties there when I was the only English guest out of fourteen people who sat down to dinner. The remainder were Spanish grandees, Italian marquises, Swedish millionaires, and so on. Anybody who has ever gone up the funicular will never forget how, once you have passed the final tunnel, the whole landscape glistens like a million diamonds with frozen waterfalls spouting motionless from the hillside, and incredibly small Swiss children skating swiftly past on tiny skis. At St. Moritz the night life is almost as important as the day time. There is the bar at the Grand Hotel where you meet everyone from flat-race jockeys like Gordon Richards on holiday to Ziegfeld Folly Girls. There is the Embassy Club inside the Palace Hotel where American millionaires and the rearguard of the Russian Grand Dukes still throw fantastic parties. There are the discretion of the Carlton Hotel, and the "county" atmosphere of Suvretta House which is only equalled by Mena House outside Cairo. You have the jostling ascent to Corviglia Hut by the funicular, and the swift rush down by way of the smooth, beaten surface of the Rue de la Paix. Then there are the tea-cakes of the inimitable Mr. Hanselmann, not to mention the village bob run.

Now let us think about the Bernese Oberland. Mürren caters for both extremes—the absolute novice and the expert. It also caters for the medium ski-er. Even hard-bitten ski mountaineers claim that a fortnight or so at Mürren increases their speed by about 50 per cent. if they spend it hunting better runners than they are themselves down the "South Slopes." It is quite certain that the only way to improve is to try to sit on the tail of a man whose speed is considerably higher than yours. If you have never been to Mürren before, get hold of some friend of yours and become word-perfect in the local geography. If you do not know where Drunkards' Drop, Kitchener's Crash, Martha's Meadow, Khaki Cairn, and Fuji Finish are, you will be like a new boy at your public school. Here is one tip: Always remember to call the funicular at Mürren by the pet name of "Alli-bubble." Incidentally, you will often find Belgian royalty ski-ing around with you at Mürren. But don't forget to bring your old school tie.

Adelboden is the headquarters of the Lohner Ski

A GATHERING ON THE HOG'S BACK, the starting-point for many of the ski runs near Mürren

A MUCH-FREQUENTED SLOPE: Tracks in the

NTER SPORTS SEASON

general view of St. Moritz by night

MÜRREN: The nursery of British ski-ing

Club. It has two famous runs—the Bonderspitz and the Hahnenkamm. It is the latter where nearly all the dashing photographs of skiers coming hell-for-leather over virgin snow are taken.

Grimmialp is a real family place with quite good ski-ing. Gstaad has a good record for snow and a great variety of easy ski tours. People go back there, and to its neighbour Sahnemmoser year after year. My own favourite is either Scheidegg or Wengen. Wengen is a lot of fun. You have a grand time. You do not feel compelled to take part in competitions every day of the week. You are not avoided if you fail to wear the colours of your university on your braces and bedroom slippers. As at everywhere else, you acquire a marvellous appetite and a host of new friends. Scheidegg, to which the funicular now runs for the first time since the War all the way up from Grindelwald, is really at its best in February and March. It is here that people acquire that sunburn which even the West Indies have difficulty in imparting. It is unnecessary for me to talk about the Mannlichen Run or the Tsehuggen Run down the valley to Grindelwald. Both give you a sensation of pure speed which is inimitable.

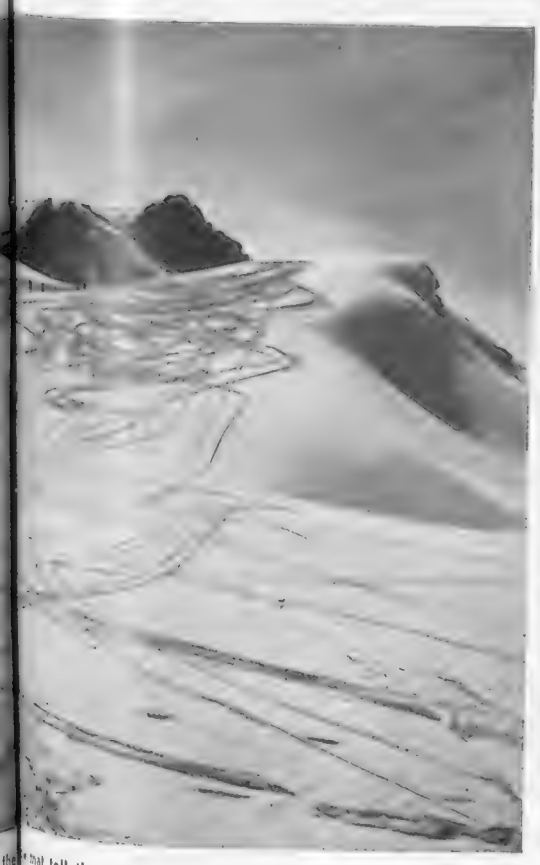
Grindelwald itself is famous for its skating. It is the home of the old English rather stiff style. It is also the place where the Bear Hotel is built. The Bear Hotel and Grindelwald are synonymous.

We now come to Arosa, which deserves far greater popularity among British visitors than it possesses. You are certain of good snow there even in the early season. You have that fine run known as the Mattlishorn to Davos. There is any amount of easy ski-running. The night life approximates that of the big hotels at St. Moritz. There are first-class dance orchestras. And above all, it is the place where the Swiss go; and if you know of a better testimonial than that I should like to hear it.

Finally, there is Caux. It is one of the few resorts where, in addition to ski-ing, ski-joring, bob-sleighing, tobogganing, skating, curling, and ice hockey, you can also get pigeon shooting. The toboggan run is about a mile long. The skeleton run is nearly two miles long. There are five trainers and four guides at the resort. There are seven sports clubs. The average daily duration of sunshine in January is between seven and eight hours. It is the headquarters of the smart Parisiennes and their friends. Indeed, you probably see more jewellery there than anywhere in Switzerland except St. Moritz. It is a place I have never been to and have always wanted to visit.

Many people who were prevented last year by the depression from visiting the Alps, and are anxious to return there this winter, will be interested to know of some of the prices. You can, for example, have the return journey and one week's accommodation at Arosa for between £16 and £17. A further week will cost you £6 or £7. On the same basis you can go to Engelberg for from £14 to £15 10s., an extra week costing you between £4 10s. and £6. That also holds good with Grimmialp. At Grindelwald it is

(*Continued on p. 246*)

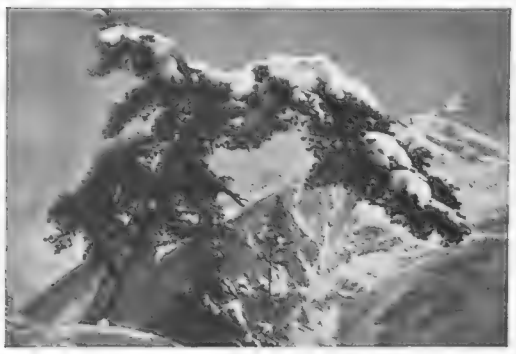


...that tell the tale of many a thrilling run

WHERE ONLY THE SUN LOOKS DOWN: Ski-ers alone among the shining peaks

IN THE FRENCH ALPS

To boast of the largest skating rink in the world is a proud claim in these days of fierce competition among the winter sports resorts of various countries. Yet the claim is still justified by Chamonix, the queen of the French Alps district. Chamonix possesses many other features in addition. It has retained its popularity in spite of the growing challenge of smaller resorts. It is still world-famed, and the enterprise and ambition of its hotels and its civic organization are alone responsible for its supreme place in the opinions of winter sportsmen and women.



WINTER NEAR CHAMONIX: A delightful view of the Aiguille du Chardonnet

There is no other place like Chamonix in the world. It caters for the tourist of every class, whether he be an expert and critical sportsman, or whether he be more inclined to leisurely enjoyment of Nature's beauties and *la vie mondiale*. Chamonix can offer superb skating, varied and magnificent ski-ing grounds, luge-ing, bob-sleighing, curling, and climbing. There is nothing of the rough and ready, primitive camp-life about Chamonix, but it attracts a cosmopolitan crowd and those looking for the fashionable life. Many people have gone there for years and would never go elsewhere. It has brought international sportsmen from all over the world to taste its pleasures.

The Alpine Sports Club, which is in charge of all the winter contests, takes particular care that there are opportunities for the beginner and the amateur as apart from the expert. The finest instructors are available, and on the vast rink there are special practice grounds for those who are not expert. Ice-hockey takes up only a small part of the rink. Curling occupies another corner. And again, on the lugeing slopes there are different runs for the children, the adult beginners, and the experts.

A casino, numerous dances, clubs, and cabarets fill up the hours after sunset. Chamonix has forgotten nothing.

Nearby, Megève, a little town in a valley which has already seriously challenged the famous winter resorts, offers winter sports from the beginning of December. There are some excellent hotels, and among the easy climbs in the vicinity can be counted the Mont Joly.

Farther south, another winter sports resort which is attracting the attention of connoisseurs is Bagnères-de-Luchon, in the Haute Garonne. Bagnères is fifteen hours from Paris, and is situated at over 2,000 feet. All the winter sports are provided for, and, in addition, the town has a casino, some magnificent hotels, of which the Hôtel de Superbagnères is really in a suburb of Bagnères-de-Luchon. Bagnères, as the capital of the Canton, possesses thermal establishments and springs, and is gaining a reputation for medical treatment.

Superbagnères stands no less than 4,000 ft. above Luchon, and is at the height of the centre of the Pyrenees range. From the town the majestic summits of the Pic de Boum, the Tour de Paupas, and Les Crabioules can be seen, rising to a height of 10,000 ft. An idea of the kind of sport obtained at this resort is derived from the fact that a jump of 55 yards can be made from the biggest run, the "Tremplin de l'Arbesquens." There are annual bob-sleigh contests, and ample facilities for learners and children. Close by the hotel is the ice rink, big enough to stage ice-hockey and speed skating, and during part of the winter ski-ing can be practised on the roads round Luchon.

BRIANCON: A skier's paradise in the French Alps

JACK FROST'S CORAL: The beauties of Nature in the Swiss mountains

IN SNOWY SWEDEN

Enthusiasts for winter sports in Sweden make one claim for the Jamtland and the Varmland. They boast that Sweden offers fewer counter attractions to the major sport than does Switzerland or Austria.

Hence, year by year, there are to be found parties of real experts making their way to Sweden. Last year was a record. This year promises to equal it in the number of parties preparing to make the journey. The snow is reported to be good, and, although there is always a degree of uncertainty about the ice in the South, it can be relied upon that ski-ing conditions farther north will be perfect.

Some have the impression that a long and tiresome journey is necessary before tasting the delights of Swedish winter sports. Naturally, it is not possible to bring Sweden within such easy reach of London as has been done with Switzerland and the French Alps. A comparison of the times, however, will show that nothing very arduous, either to the impatient traveller or to his pocket, is required.

The comfortable steamer takes thirty-five hours to reach Sweden, and thence a train journey of sixteen hours is necessary before the snows are seen at their best. By air, the journey can be begun from London early in the morning, Sweden reached in the afternoon, and a twenty-two-hour journey by train follows. Special fares are offered as an inducement to winter sportsmen. In many cases, return fare is offered at single fare, and a telling point in favour of Sweden is that the £ is still worth in the neighbourhood of £1 1s. 4d. Where else is it possible to stay at a first-class hotel, in the centre of the ski-ing country, at the rate of 7s. 6d. a day? That is the tariff offered by the Grand Hotel at Are, and there are many more less luxurious hotels at even less price.

THE FLOATING CLUB-HOUSE of the Stockholm Ice Yachting Club

AUSTRIA'S SKI-ING FIELDS

One of the strongest points to be made in favour of Austria for winter sports is the meticulous care taken over the training of the beginner. That is not to say that Tirol cannot offer every variety of sport needed by the expert. Every kind of sport is available, and with them some of the most rugged aspects of Nature and some of the wildest terrains available anywhere to the tourist.

But it is with conscientious zeal that the authorities take care of the beginner in winter sports. A State body has control of all instruction, and classes are graded according to ability in all the most popular resorts. Teachers are examined and certificated by the State. It seems as if the State takes personal pride in the correct education of every visitor.

Tirolese friendliness and gaiety are known all over the world. And the new hotels which have sprung up in most of the winter resorts have added to that reputation.

St. Anton am Arlberg, at 4,300 ft., is one of the best known of international sports centres. There is a famous ski-ing school here and a long list of classic sporting events. Nearby, Landeck makes an appeal to the tourist and the sportsman alike. The Samnaun group, near Serfaus, offers ski-ing. The Otztaler Alps are reached from Innsbruck and from Gurgl, itself a favourite among hundreds of people who go there. There are tours by sleigh up as high as the Fidelitas Hut (9,447 ft.). Innsbruck is also the centre for the Tuxer Alps, the Stubaier, and the Wipp Valley. Innsbruck, indeed, is in many ways the perfect centre, for there is a network of minor railways and motor-bus services from the city, and the beauty of the city itself is something that no traveller can forget.

Kitzbuehel, however, is making a great bid for popularity. The little town certainly starts with amazing advantages. It is within reach of twenty-eight mountain summits. Crisp snow is assured. Here is an 800-year-old gem in the Tirol which offers every modern comfort to the sportsman. Its hotels have recently been planned in accordance with all the up-to-date ideas. The Reisch Hotels group, which also runs the Casino, tactfully ensures that the free and natural life of the world-famed sports district remains unspoiled.

SNOW-CLAD SLOPES in the neighbourhood of Innsbruck

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NORWAY The Playground of the North

IN THE NORWEGIAN MOUNTAINS where the ski-ing enthusiast finds the best of sport

For those who know Switzerland, or who have yet to become acquainted with the pleasures of its winter resorts, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son's handbook, *The Gateway to Health*, will be found equally useful. Here are gathered together detailed descriptions and illustrations of the famous sports centres, thus giving the intending visitor an opportunity of learning beforehand everything he wants to know. Details are also given of the special initiation parties for novices which this year are being arranged at Kandersteg. These will be under the supervision of a lady and gentleman having a thorough knowledge of winter sports, and those who wish to become proficient at ski-ing will have at their disposal the services of Kilian Ogi, the famous Swiss skier. Such parties make a first visit to Switzerland really enjoyable and give beginners a chance of becoming proficient in the company of others who are also making their initial attempts to master the art of ski-ing. This admirable handbook also gives full details of Messrs. Thomas Cook's various inclusive tours to such resorts as Engelberg, Grindelwald, Gurnigel, St. Cergue, and Wengen, while several pages of information regarding hotel charges are well worth careful scrutiny by the traveller who wishes to plan the cost of a holiday well in advance.

Winter Sports Near the Mediterranean

Southern France as a winter sports centre is not by any means so well known as it deserves to be. Not everyone

AMONG THE PEAKS: A pause for refreshment during the invigorating climb

CAUX For Skating, Lugeing, and Ski-ing

THE SKI-ING FIELDS ABOVE CAUX: a popular resort noted for the variety of its indoor and outdoor winter entertainments

realizes that a few miles north of Cannes, Nice, and Mentone there are resorts where facilities for ski-ing equal those of Switzerland. Péira-Cava, some twenty-five miles from Nice, is noted for its homely hotels and reasonable prices, while Thorenc, at an altitude of 4,070 ft., is within three or four hours of Cannes, and can usually be relied on for a plentiful winter snowfall. The nearby Plateau de Beuil is even better endowed in this latter respect as the northern slopes retain their covering of snow as long as many other resorts much nearer the pole. For more detailed information intending holiday-makers should obtain the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway Company's guide to "Winter Sports."

SKI HEIL *(Continued from p. 243)*

about £1 less in each instance, and at Gstaad about £1 more. St. Moritz, of course, works out at £2 or £3 more per week.

One of the advantages of going out to Switzerland nowadays compared with five or six years ago is that lonely skiers are always able to meet cheerful parties of people and join up with them through the kind offices of some official host or hostess. This winter there are going to be special parties from the public schools, from the services, and from the universities. On top of that, parents who want to send their children to the Alps and who are unable to accompany them can be put in touch with chaperones for their daughters and with tutors for their sons.

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VIENNA: AUSTRIA'S GAY CAPITAL

A Revival of Her Pristine Glories that is Attracting Visitors from all Parts of the World

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

THE DOMED RENAISSANCE BUILDINGS of the Natural History and Art History Museums, situated near Vienna's famous Ringstrasse

THE KARLSKIRCHE: A striking church in the Baroque style erected between 1715 and 1737 as a thanksgiving for Vienna's deliverance from the plague

In the days before the War the mirth and gaiety of Vienna were proverbial. It was *the* spot in Europe to visit to drive away dull care, there was all the charm of life a great city could afford, and its people knew better than any other people how to live their lives pleasantly. One always felt that with this tremendous asset, in spite of post-War troubles and world depression, Vienna would come into its own again and help to lead the world back to joyous optimism, and that is what is happening in Vienna to-day, for there, in spite of political and economic uncertainty, the old spirit of *Gemüthlichkeit*—or, as one may perhaps translate it, the art of endeavouring to live happily—is abroad, and in consequence Vienna is now, as it was in the past, Austria's gay capital, and a very pleasant place in which to spend a holiday.

The climate of Vienna is as attractive as the mood of its people, for it has an air that is delightfully clear and bracing, and it is one of the sunniest of European capitals, whilst the strong light which floods the city day by day reveals the splendour of its buildings and is an excellent antidote to any kind of gloom. And the charm of a visit to Vienna is that there is so much to see, so much to do, and the programme can be so varied that it is always extremely interesting.

The fortifications which once encircled the Inner Town, and against which the Turks under Suleiman the Magnificent hurled themselves in vain, were removed long since—to make room for a magnificent boulevard, the Ringstrasse, two miles long and 150 ft. wide, and this is the pride and the joy of Vienna to-day. Beyond and about the Ringstrasse are many splendid buildings, mostly modern—the University in the style of Italian Renaissance, the Museums of Natural History and Art, the Houses of Parliament, the Votivekirche, the State Opera House, the Burg Theatre, and the Rathaus, a very striking building in modern Gothic. Strangely, the Inner Town, with its architectural glories of the past, remains the fashionable quarter of modern Vienna, where you will find many of the embassies and legations, the Government offices, and the principal hotels: and here, too, are the splendid cafés, which are such a feature of Viennese life, where you take the famous Viennese coffee and pastries, and read, if you wish to do so, the news from most of the newspapers of the world, for Vienna is not only thoroughly cosmopolitan, in a European sense, but it is the city where the West begins to meet the East.

THE GRABEN: One of Vienna's leading shopping thoroughfares

In the outer Vienna, which lies all around its fashionable hub, are splendid thoroughfares, with fine shops, imposing monuments, and beautiful parks—the Prater of 2,000 acres, between the Danube and the Canal, and where, in one corner, the "Wurstelprater," is Vienna's amusement park; the Stadt Park, the Rathaus Park, and the Belvedere Park, charmingly laid out, in terraces, with fountains. And then there are the magnificent Royal Palaces of Schwarzenberg and Schönbrunn; the latter, once the home of the great Empress Maria Theresa, was the summer residence of the Emperor of Austria until 1918. It stands in grounds of over 700 acres, occupied by beautiful gardens, with lovely walks, clipped hedges, stately trees, ornamental pools, sculptures, and artificial ruins, and is after the style of the Gardens of Versailles.

AUSTRIA'S VERSAILLES: The old Imperial palace of Schönbrunn

The museums, libraries, and picture galleries of Vienna are famed throughout the world for the treasures they contain. Every form of intellectual development, musical, literary, artistic, and scientific, in each of its branches, has its representative collection here, and the city itself has been termed a "museum of architecture." There is an opera season throughout the autumn, winter, spring, and early summer, the Burg Theatre is devoted to classical plays, and there are twelve other theatres, many variety shows, cabarets, cinemas, and music-halls, excellent concerts—of the Philharmonic Orchestra, the Tonkuenstler Orchestra, and others; and as for dancing, Vienna, city of the Blue Danube, is surely its "home"!

There is opportunity for every form of sport—tennis, golf, rowing, swimming, polo, and horse-racing. Winter sports are within easy access at Semmering, two hours distant by train, and to get to Vienna and see its fascinating "life" is one of the easiest of journeys, since there are through services daily from London, via Calais and Ostend, occupying only a little over twenty-four hours.

Austria is determined to do everything possible to make good the loss of tourist traffic occasioned by the Hitler ban on German tourists to Austria. Her latest move is to authorize gambling in casinos at Baden in Lower Austria, Salzburg, and Semmering, near Vienna.

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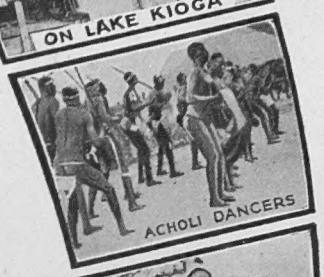

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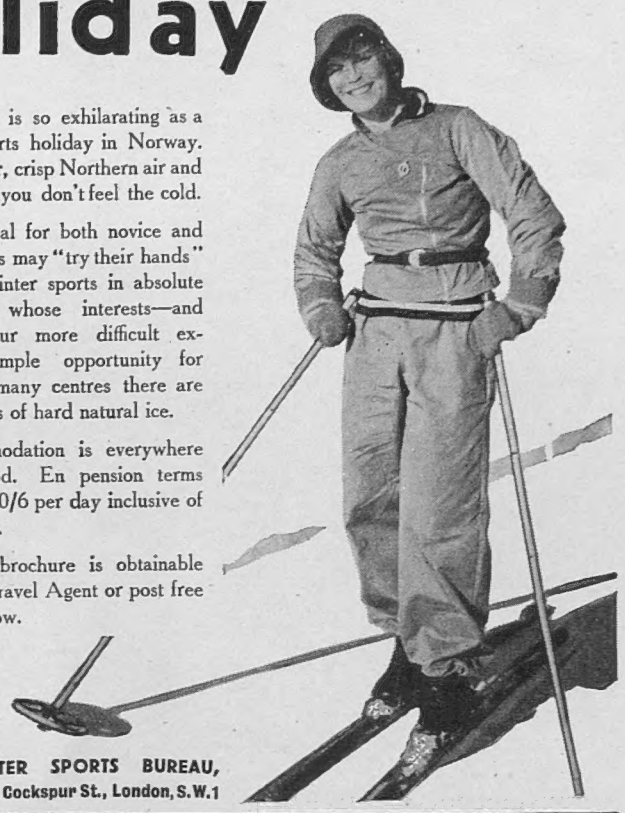

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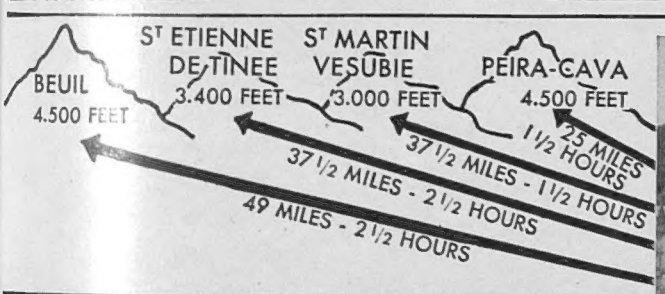

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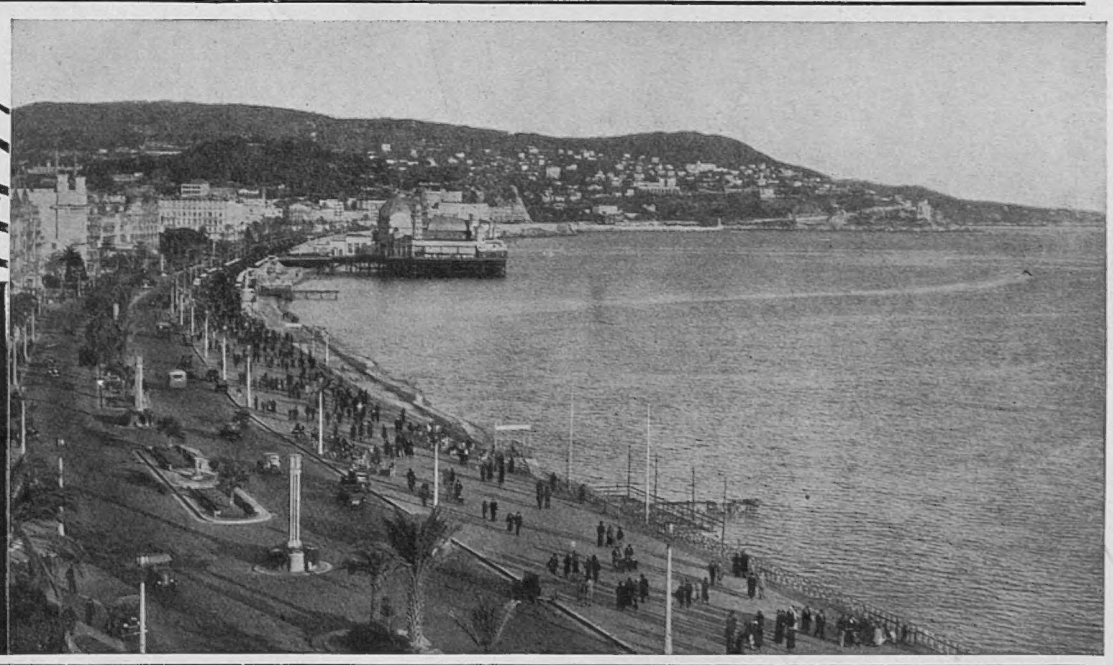

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King John's Lost Treasure

(Continued from p. 231)

than this Royal equipage. Mr. St. John Hope pictures the carts and packhorses spreading out in wide order, and, on reaching the area where the Wellstream soaked its way across the sand, becoming enmired in the fatal quicksands. The turning of the tide would affect the sands nearer the Norfolk shore and cut off the men and horses struggling to retreat. It is possible that King John himself witnessed the disaster from the drier sands in the neighbourhood of Long Sutton and, riding out towards the baggage train, himself nearly became entrapped by the rising tide. The whole of this area, from Cross Keys to Long Sutton, has for a hundred years or more been dry land. The present outline of the coast is indicated in the upper portion of the sketch map. It is in the neighbourhood of Sutton Bridge that the activities of Fenland Research, Ltd. are being concentrated. This company was formed on December 15 last for the purpose of recovering the treasure.

A NEW HOME OF HOPE & HEALING

JUST 100 years ago, the present Westminster Hospital was erected in Broad Sanctuary. It is to-day quite inadequate for the demands on its services and the Governors of the Hospital have decided that rebuilding can no longer be delayed.

This momentous step has the full approval of the President of the Hospital, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and of King Edward's Hospital Fund.

An option has been obtained upon a most suitable site facing St. John's Gardens, in the heart of Westminster.

£350,000

in voluntary gifts is needed to complete the cost of the new building and site.

£100,000 OF THIS SUM MUST BE OBTAINED BEFORE THE 31st MARCH, 1934,

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Donations, large or small, may be spread over a period of seven years, thereby giving donors the advantage of deducting income-tax upon their donations.

Donations intended for the New Medical School should be specifically indicated.

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Cheques should be crossed "Barclays Bank Ltd."

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL REBUILDING APPEAL

Rytad

If Germany Had Won . . .

(Continued from p. 224)

every country but her own. She would have searched Europe till not a revolver or a knife remained. Then would have come our turn, and with the Channel ports in her grip, and all the resources of Europe at her command, Germany would have been swift to build and launch a thousand ships—submarines. And that would have been for us the beginning of the end. The Kaiser would have ridden up the Mall as he had always sworn to do.

Versailles. There are those who think that the Treaty of Versailles was far too harsh as far as Germany is concerned. What else could the world do but hedge her in? The only thing in the minds of the Allies was that this mad dog among the nations must never be let loose again. At the same time, they thought that the passing of the years would produce in Germany a change of heart; but the heart of Germany never changes.

Foot and Mouth

(Continued from p. 232)

spreading involve the sterilization of packing cloths, wrappers, and boxes. Hay and straw which have been used for packing merchandise must not be used as bedding. Trees, shrubs, plants, and bulbs packed in hay or straw must not be taken into any market where animals are exposed for sale. Once the disease has broken out the farm hands are told to scrub their boots and afterwards swab them with an ordinary disinfectant solution. Milk is not allowed to leave the premises.

It is not a British complex to slaughter animals. It is only done because nobody has yet discovered, despite all the research work, a better way of dealing with the menace. The scientist who can discover some form of immunizing animals against it will make a fortune for himself and save the Government and the farmers millions of pounds.

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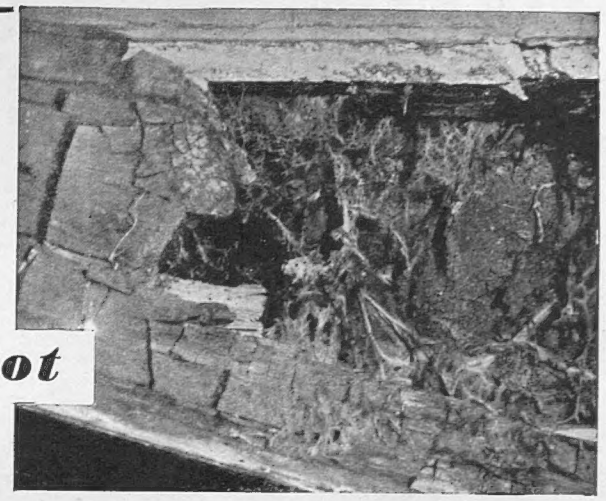

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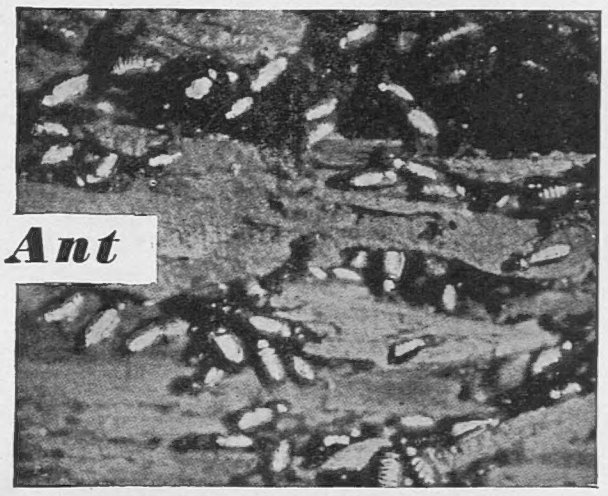

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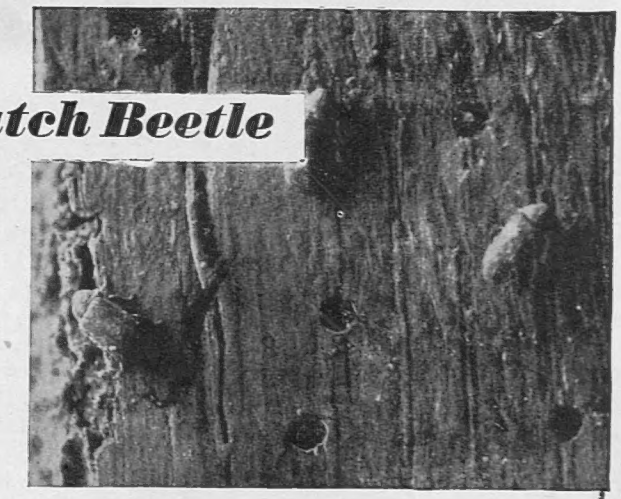

It may be Death Watch Beetle

but whatever the cause of damage to timber the cost of the necessary repairs and renewals would have been saved by the use of

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For Growing Children

Benger days are happy days.

BENGER'S Food

NINE LIVES!

"As a second lieutenant in India, I made a bet that I would ride from Ramikhet in the lower Himalayas to Bareilly in the plain, a distance of 107 miles, in fourteen hours. I won with some hours to spare but nearly lost my life in a queer way. Part of the way was down a very steep bridle path with a terrible drop on one side; I had arranged with the police to warn all coolies carrying tea chests or loads to flatten up against the cliff side upon hearing a whistle which I carried, so as to allow me to pass. Galloping down I came to a very acute bend, blew hard on my whistle and carried on, but found a herd of buffaloes climbing up, headed by a huge bull who stood dazed in the middle of the path. Too late to pull up, I jerked my pony to the inside of the khud and we met with a sickening thud. We rebounded off the huge brute and pony and I were flung against the cliff. When I got on to my knees, no buffalo, but a terrible crash from below. I crawled to the edge and could make out a river running red from his mangled corpse hundreds of feet below."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"I next made a shooting trip into Tibet, which was then forbidden land. Passing the Mansarawar lakes, I was attacked by a horde of Tibetans, incited by lamas, and dropped by a blow on the head from a ruffian with a heavy sword. I heard afterwards the story.

As I lay in a welter of blood, all thought I was dead, but a thick turban I was wearing *just* saved my life. My Bhootia coolies told the Tibetans that without doubt the English would send an army and take terrible retribution for my death, so when I showed signs of being alive and coming to, I was not finished off, but the Bhootias were allowed to take me away. The journey back to civilisation was a bit of a nightmare. An 18,000 feet pass to cross, very weak from loss of blood, my only servant badly wounded, and carried on a yak, no food but a bag of rough ground meal. However, we managed to get to a mission station, where we were well cared for and our wounds dressed. Extreme height and rarity of the air had kept off gangrene."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"A war incident comes to mind concerning China in 1900 and the Boxer Rebellion. I was out on a cavalry reconnaissance with a troop of American cavalry to help me. We ran into an ambush and were fired on heavily. I happened to be the last to get away and saw an American corporal fall with his horse shot under him. There was a rush of Chinamen to get him. That meant a lingering death too horrible to think of, and as no one else was handy I got him away, but it was too amazing for words that with two men on one horse offering a splendid target and some hundreds firing with mannlichers at us, we got back without a scratch.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Now for two bear stories. . . . ."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"He was a pal and I realised I was done for. I could talk in whispers and asked if I was really done in and was told "Yes," as I had broken my back. A long pause and an uncomfortable silence from the crowd.

As I lay I could just see the feet of my kid racing boots and remarked, 'I believe I can see my big toe moving.' Back came the words, 'For God's sake try again' and then the doctors, watching my feet, could see the movement."

It goes on and on. You can't leave this entertaining story, "NINE LIVES," by Brig.-Gen. Gaussen, C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O. Read it all in the "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC."

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